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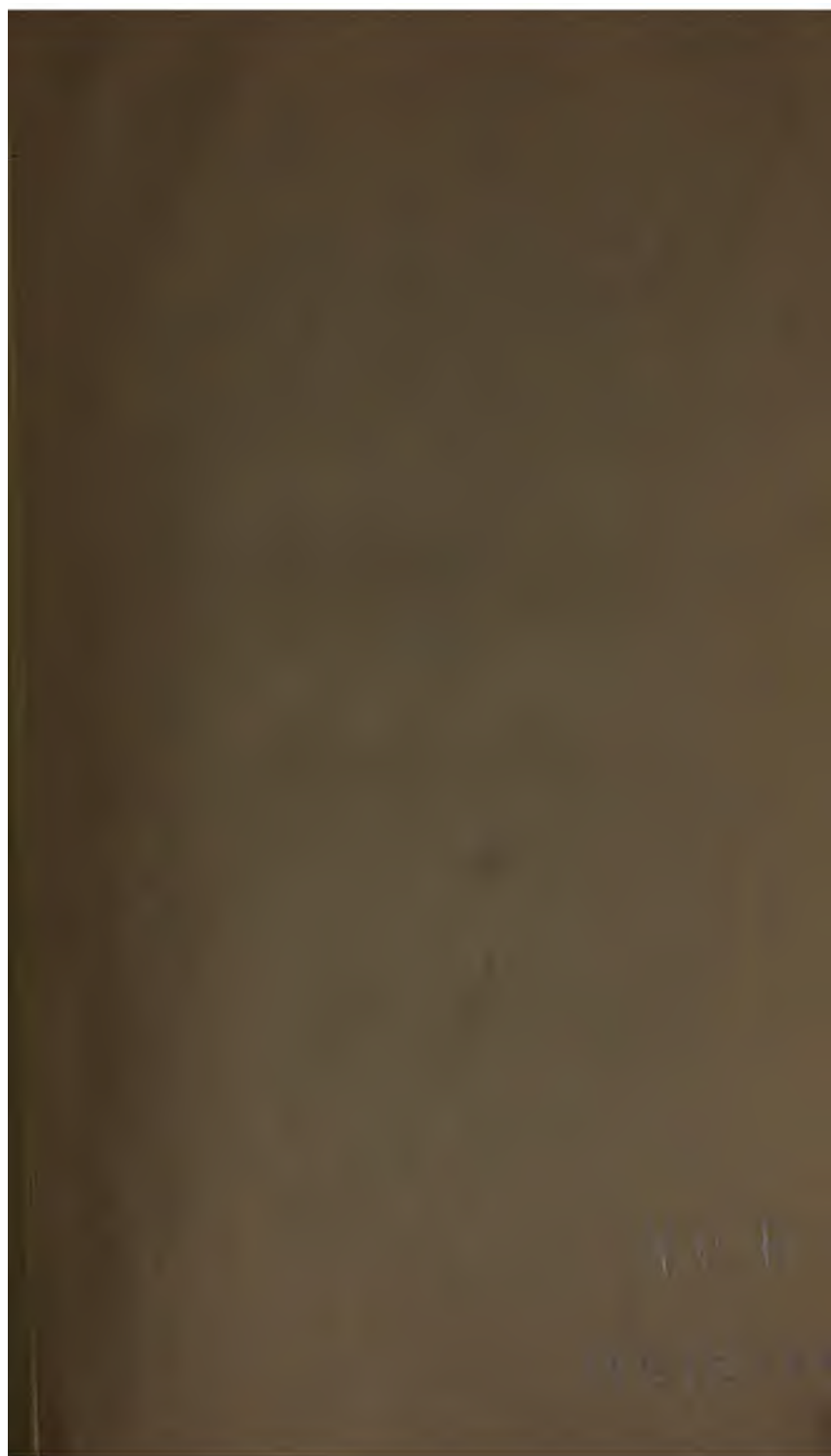
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Waldron:  
= THE  
VIRGIN QUEEN,  
A  
D R A M A  
IN FIVE ACTS,  
ATTEMPTED AS  
A S E Q U E L  
TO  
SHAKSPEARE'S  
T E M P E S T.

---

"O, for a muse of fire, that would ascend

"The brightest heaven of invention!"

SHAKSPEARE.

---



PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

1797.

---

*Entered at Stationers' Hall.*



ROY W. B. B.

---

TO  
*HIS GRACE*  
FRANCIS GODOLPHIN,  
DUKE of LEEDS.

MY LORD,

THE honour I have in being, by baptism, your Grace's namesake, a consequence of my being distantly related to FRANCIS Earl of GODOLPHIN, has emboldened me to dedicate to your Grace this weak essay at an imitation of our immortal SHAKSPEARE.

Having,

DEDICATION.

Having, my Lord, no incentive  
to the liberty I presume to take,  
but my respect for your Grace's taste  
and virtues, I should only fully  
the purity of my motive, were I to  
expatiate on them.

I have the honour to be,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

Most humble,

And most obedient Servant,

*FRANCIS GODOLPHIN WALDRON.*

*Cross-court, Bow-street,  
Covent-garden.*

May 1, 1797.

THE  
VIRGIN QUEEN.

---

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

---

Alonso, *king of Naples,*      Abdallah, *king of Tunis.*  
Ferdinand, *son to Alonso.*      Prospero, *duke of Milan.*  
Sebastian, *brother to Alonso.*      Antonio, *brother to Prospero.*

Gonzalo,      }  
Adrian,      } *lords, attending on the king of Naples.*  
Francisco,      }

Stephano, *a drunken butler.*      Trinculo, *a jester.*  
Ariel, *a spirit.*      Caliban, *a savage.*

Master,      }  
Boatswain,      } *of the king of Naples' ship.*

Claribel, *queen of Tunis.*      Miranda, *betroth'd to Ferdinand.*  
Hyrca, *a sorceress.*      Sycorax, *a spirit.*

*Spirits, Mariners, &c.*

The SCENE is dispersed.

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## PROEM.

**G**RAVE Prospero, who charm'd in days of yore,  
Was deeply read in magick's wond'rous lore;  
Could call forth spirits from the vasty deep,  
And their dread power in strong subjection keep;  
Marshal the dapper elves, and fairies trim,  
By moonlight sporting near the fountain-brim;  
In spell-bound service airy forms enroll,  
Who ride the rainbow, glance from pole to pole;  
And fiends of fire, more fervid than the sun,  
Through realms of thrilling ice compel to run:  
Wielded Jove's bolt, bade cloud-capt mountains quake,  
And the great globe unto its center shake;  
Commanding the rude surge to dash the skies,  
From their dark beds of clay the dead arise!  
What could he not, whom such a Master drew?  
To Nature, in his boldest fictions, true!  
Whose Ariel, Caliban, ghosts, witches, elves,  
Seem Nature's children nearly as ourselves!

But

## PROEM.

But what can the weak Prospero of these scenes,  
Divested of all wonder-working means ?  
Pity, kind Reader ! the rude lack of skill  
Which traced the potent Sage with feeble quill !  
Nor grieve, benignant Spirit ! in thy sphere,  
Sweet Shakspeare ! to my heart of heart most dear !  
That e'en the humblest of the scenick train  
Should dare to ape thy mighty magick-strain ;  
But rather, with thy wonted goodness mild,  
Forgive, and oh ! inspire him, Fancy's Child !

THE

---

THE  
VIRGIN QUEEN.

---

ACT I. SCENE I.

PROSPERO'S ISLE.

*Ariel descends, singing:*

ARIEL SINGS.

SPIRITS, who the curl'd clouds ride,  
Down slope sun-beams deftly glide ;  
Through the fissure of the rock,  
Rifted by the light'ning's shock,  
Fiends, from nether fires ascend;  
Nymphs, who on blue Neptune 'tend,  
From the sea's pearl-paved bed,  
Rear each coral-crowned head;  
Elves, the mountain leave, or dell:

    List Ariel's call !

    Assemble all

At your potent master's cell !

B

*Enter*

*Enter Spirits, Fiends, Nymphs, and Elves.*

ARIEL SPEAKS.

YE various ministers of Prospero's power,  
The spell-bound servitors of his high will !  
By whom the mighty worker hath perform'd  
Deeds, far beyond the stretch of human thought ;  
Soon shall our master's staff be buried low,  
His magick-volume in the deep sea drown'd :  
Strait he'll embark ; attend him till on board,  
And your last, duteous homage to him pay :  
Then to the elements be ever free  
T'enjoy his boon, your dear-lov'd liberty !

ARIEL SINGS.

PURE Spirit, fiend, mild nymph, and fay,  
Your duty done, make holiday !  
And each enjoy their full desire ;  
Pervade the earth, or sea, or fire !  
Or, on light pennon, upward fly,  
To wanton in the summer sky !  
Pure spirit, fiend, mild nymph, and fay,  
Your duty done, make holiday !

*Burthen.* Make holiday !

*Exeunt.*

SCENE

# THE VIRGIN QUEEN.

## SCENE II.

ANOTHER PART OF THE ISLAND.

*Enter Boatswain, Trinculo, and Mariners.*

BOATSWAIN.

**Y**ARE! yare!—bear a hand with that flow-  
age; here's a fresh breeze sprung up, and as fair  
for Italy as heart can wish.

TRINCULO.

And where's the wonder o' that?—did not the  
fairy promise old grey-beard as much?—and  
your true fairies are no courtiers.

BOATSWAIN.

A fairy promise?—why, what a plague, are  
we to be puff'd along by the devil and his imps!  
I don't know what to make of this conjuration!  
and as for duke Prospero, I'm a lubber if I  
think him a jot better than an old wizard!

TRINCULO.

Between ourselves, boatswain, I take him to  
be a kind of friar Bacon, or doctor Faustus;  
that I heard so many tales about, in England;  
and like them, he has sold himself to the devil  
in the next world, that he may be able to play

## THE VIRGIN QUEEN.

the devil in this: which he did, with a vengeance, when he wreck'd us on this isle of devils!

[*Sudden darkness.*]

BOATSWAIN.

Avast!—I wish he be not at some of his diabolical tricks again!—'twas as clear a morn as ever shone but now; and, lo! on a sudden, how it is overcast!

*Lightning, Thunder, Wind, &c.*

And see!—and hark!—heigh, how it rumbles!

TRINCULO.

'Mafs! I fear mischief's a-foot! and here comes Stephano in a parlous taking,

*Enter Stephano.*

STEPHANO.

Oh, oh, oh! deliver me from such a fight again!—boatswain! Trinculo! I have been scared!

BOATSWAIN.

With what, I trow?

STEPHANO.

The conjuring duke has been sinking his necromancy-book to the bottom of the red-sea here—

## THE VIRGIN QUEEN.

here—it can be no other!—breaking his magical-stick, and burying it half-way to Belzebub; which has caused such a clatter among the elements, that I thought dooms-day was come, at least!

### BOATSWAIN.

I'm no seaman, if I relish this same witchcraft!—and the old magick-monger is going aboard too!—I wish we get safe to port!—I doubt it:—I'd as lief sail with a corpse as a conjuror!

### TRINCULO.

By'r lady, boatswain, I'm of your mind! I shall never dare to walk the deck after dark, Stephano, much less keep watch there all night, as he once said we should, for dread of spirits, and hobgoblins.

### STEPHANO.

The bare thought of it gives me the shaking palsy, fellow Trinculo!—he were fitter to watch o' nights himself, and let servant-monster be his mate: then, if any goblins should board us, they could gibber with them in their own infernal dialect.

### BOATSWAIN.

He don't intend, I hope, to take that land-shark

shark aboard;—an' he do not keep him in an iron cage, he'll devour all the ship's provisions, and tear us to pieces for more.

TRINCULO,

Who? Caliban? not he, o'my troth!—though he be a monster, he's a tame one; and no glutton neither:—give him but the bottle, you stop his mouth at once.

STEPHANO.

Now you talk of the bottle, Trinculo, I think a sup of it would do me no harm, after the panic I have been in; what say ye to some sack, boys, before we set sail?

TRINCULO.

Ay, and after too; for I quake horribly with apprehension.

STEPHANO.

Follow, then;—the rock, my wine-cellar, is in our way to where the ship rides: and our word shall be, no night-watching! for fear of spirits and hobgoblins!

TRINCULO.

Ay, spirits and hobgoblins!—'mercy on us! say I, and send us all safe to Naples!

*Exeunt.*

SCENE

## SCENE III.

ANOTHER PART OF THE ISLAND.

*Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, Miranda, and Caliban.*

CALIBAN.

NO, 'pr'ythee, Prosper, do not leave me here  
 'Mongst fiends and spirits; who, when thou'rt  
 not by  
 To shield him, will lone Caliban devour!

PROSPERO.

Be satisfied;—there's nought to apprehend.  
 In Neptune's bed my magick-volume sunk,  
 And many fathoms earth'd my broken staff,  
 Upon this isle no spirit will abide  
 Of good or evil, to delight or fear:—  
 Puppets and elves shall gambol here no more,  
 In sportive ringlets, by pale Hecate's gleam;—  
 No more shall hideous spectres scare thee home,  
 Loit'ring and grumbling at thy bidden task;—  
 For, when I leave thee, thou'lt be more alone  
 Than when, with Ariel pent i'th' cloven pine,  
 A shapeless, helpless thing, I prowling found  
 thee.

CALIBAN.

Which loneliness I now mislike and dread,  
 More than thy sprites and fiends; 'custom'd to sort  
 With monkeys, apes, baboons, I felt not, ere—  
 My

## THE VIRGIN QUEEN.

My noble lord came here, it's irksomeness;  
 But thou hast taught it me: then leave me not,  
 I pr'ythee!—take me hence!—I'll lick thy feet,  
 And ever be obedient to controul.

PROSPERO.

What says Miranda? does my child approve  
 We take our late offending vassal hence?

CALIBAN.

Speak for me, mistress! I'll be naught no more.

MIRANDA.

I think, dear sir! the creature's much reform'd  
 Since your forgiveness of his last offence;  
 And, by commixture with so many men,  
 He hourly humanizes: pity 'twere  
 In lonesome wretchedness to leave him now,  
 The speechless brutes his sole society,  
 Perforce a savage to become again.

CALIBAN.

Thanks! mistress! thanks!—thou smooth-fac'd  
 man, speak too!

FÉRDINAND.

'Please you, sir, take him hence; I dare engage  
 He'll do you dutious service in return.

CALIBAN.

Good now, my king, be mov'd!

PROSPERO.

PROSPERO.

I am content;  
But, have a care! look you deserve this grace!

CALIBAN.

Yea, that I will, in sooth, my noble lord!  
In the new world thou goest to, will I dig  
For hidden springs, to slake my master's thirst;  
Rend thee down fewel; scoop thee a trim cell;  
And be in all things meet thy vassal true!

PROSPERO.

Enough;—endeavour to do well, good deeds  
Will follow, and beget thee farther favour.

CALIBAN.

Yet grant one other boon, and I am sped!  
'Stead of this rugged hide, to 'ray me now  
In some sleek garment of my bounteous lord;  
Or still yon dolts thy slave will moon-calf call!

PROSPERO.

'T were not amiss; thou may'st:—but tarry not.

CALIBAN.

I thank thy greatness!—I'll return anon,  
And be thy lowly foot-licker for aye!

*Exit.*

C

PROSPERO.

## PROSPERO.

Miranda! solace ever of my woes!  
 Beloved Milan thou wilt soon revisit;  
 Whence, with thy hapless sire, thou wert outcast  
 By dire ambition, source of ev'ry ill!

## MIRANDA.

I scarce can guess what 'tis ambition means;  
 If ill, I must disclaim it: for all mine  
 Is center'd in my fire's and Ferd'nand's love!

## FERDINAND.

Thou sweetest flow'r that e'er in desert grew!  
 In whom the dignity of crowned queens  
 With rural innocence and beauty joins,  
 Here let me breathe forth——

## PROSPERO.

Hush! our friends approach.—  
 The sugar'd prattle of chaste love, my son!  
 Howe'er th' enraptur'd maid it may delight,  
 Or glad the doating parent's list'ning ear,  
 To each one else insipid is, and dull!

*Enter Gonzalo.*

## GONZALO.

My good lord Prospero, I've search'd up and  
 down  
 This isle of yours, for somewhat to take home;  
 Some

Some feld-seen rarity, as travellers use:  
But, faith and troth, my lord, for aught I see,  
Naples or Milan nothing hence can get,  
Or valuable, or curious to behold.

PROSPERO.

Yes, my Gonzalo! honour'd friend! to whom  
That now I live thence to return I owe!  
One thing, at least, to wonder at we'll take;  
The mis-created knave you saw ere while,  
I now intend—

GONZALO.

Not to take home, I hope!  
There were too many monsters, native there,  
Else had you ne'er him found, or Milan lost,

PROSPERO.

That we no more will think on, good old lord!  
A fault forgiv'n should also be forgot;  
Or, like a half-heal'd wound, 'twill fester still,  
And rankle at the core.

FERDINAND.

Consummate goodness!

GONZALO.

I'th' name of all that's savage! what comes here?  
The thing we spake of, surely, new-attir'd!

*Enter Caliban.*

Why, how now, firrah? wherefore this fine  
change,  
From a rough skin to an'embroider'd filk?

CALIBAN.

I crav'd this robe, that by yon scoffing apes  
I might no more be flouted at, and mock'd;—  
They call'd me servant-monster, moon-calf, fish!  
Perchance they'll think I am more man-like now;  
It may be, but I am not near so warm:  
A shaggy hide, from the chill breeze to 'fend,  
Is far more worth than 'broider'd silken robe.

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, and Anthonio.*

PROSPERO.

Welcome, great king! welcome and health to all!  
The earth-dividing sea, now smiling calm,  
By swarthy Africk and fair Europe beach'd,  
Our good keel soon shall plough; soon we, I trust,  
Lost Italy regain!

ALONZO.

'Till we arrive,  
Most injur'd Prospero! each hour's a year;  
So much this beauteous maid I wish to see  
My Ferd'nand's bride, thee to thy right restor'd,

ANTHONIO.

Nor shall I know a happy moment, fir!

'Till

'Till I, in Milan, formally have made  
A public resignation of your seat;  
Which that I e'er usurp'd fore smites my heart!

SEBASTIAN.

No soul in Italy but will rejoice  
To see my much-lov'd brother, Naples' king,  
With Milan's rightful duke, and their 'troth'd  
heirs!

*Enter Adrian, and Francisco.*

PROSPERO.

Now, sirs, I pray, is all in readiness?

ADRIAN.

All, all, great sir!

FRANCISCO,

Our brave, refitted, ship,  
With unfurl'd sails, that swell before the breeze,  
Seems, like the mettled racer, ere he start,  
Hardly held in, impatient of delay!

PROSPERO.

Here, then, I bid adieu to solitude!—  
Farewell the desert wild, the sandy beach,  
Where oft, from dawn to dusky e'en, I strain'd  
My anxious eye-balls to descry a sail;  
Farewell my humble cave, whose flinty bed

My

My aged body hardinefs hath taught,  
 But ne'er fubdued the feelings of my mind :  
 While fome, whose limbs enervate upon down,  
 Suffer their hearts to harden into ftone.  
 Farewell Adverfity ;—O, tutor fage !  
 Still may I practife what of thee I learn'd.  
 Farewell my sorrows all !—hail ! fmiling Peace !  
 And laud we Heaven for this our bleft releafe !

*Exeunt all but Caliban.*

CALIBAN.

Now fhall I fee the wond'rous, yearn'd-for place,  
 Where many Profpers, and Mirandas dwell :  
 He calls it Milan :—I opine 'tis Heaven !  
 It muft, it muft ! for many fuch as the  
 Would make a Heaven e'en of this defert ifle !

*Enter Boatfwain, Stephano, and Trinculo.*

BOATSWAIN.

Come, bear a hand, ye bibbers ! the king and  
 company are juft about to embark.

STEPHANO.

I told you, Trinculo, I'd get my bottle out of  
 the pool ;—here, lay to—

TRINCULO.

'Thank you, boy ! a good voyage to us, and no  
 hobgoblins ! [*Drinks.*]

STEPHANO.

STEPHANO.

Who have we here? my man-monster! and in a guarded jerkin?

TRINCULO.

The goblins stripp'd us, last night, of our share of the frippery; how cam'st thou still so bedeck'd, mooncalf?

CALIBAN.

I am no monster! nor no moon-calf, fools!  
Yon' great ones, wiser far than ye! say I'm  
A proper man! then henceforth flout no more!

STEPHANO.

Trinculo, the wenches in Italy must look to their hearts now, and we may wear the willow; for there'll be no making love to any purpose, while Signior Caliban is by.

BOATSWAIN.

Belay this prating, and make for the beach; or ye'll be left aftern.

TRINCULO.

Come along, Ban!—and, when we are aboard,  
I'll teach you how to pare your pig-nut nails,  
against you go a-wooing.

CALIBAN.

Haste thou, vile patch! or here be left alone;  
Then, as for food ye faint, ye'll with in vain

For

For my long nails, such dainties to unearth:  
Prizing what, dolt-like, now ye dare deride!

*Exit Caliban.*

STEPHANO.

Say'st thou so, bully monster? lead the way then;  
we are for no such dainties: lead on, Moon-calf!  
farewell, crab-island! Naples a-hoy!—a brisk  
gale, and no hobgoblins!

TRINCULO.

Ay, Stephano! a brisk gale, and no hobgoblins!

*Excunt.*

#### SCENE IV.

THE BEACH.

*The Ship in view.*

*Enter Ariel, attended by other Spirits; meeting  
Prospero, Miranda, Alonso, Ferdinand, Gon-  
zalo, Anthonio, Sebastian, Adrian and Fran-  
cisco.*

ARIEL,

**H**AIL, noble master! still I greet you so;  
Though, by your bounty, and your art abjur'd,  
I now am free as the surrounding air!

Summon'd

Summon'd by Ariel, the obedient winds  
To waft you to fair Italy attend.

## PROSPERO.

My dainty chick ! my bird ! that cancels all  
The kindnesses I e'er have shewn to thee !  
Are we assembled all, my loving friends ?  
Where is our servant, Caliban ?

*Enter Caliban, Boatswain, Stephano, and  
Trinculo.*

## CALIBAN.

Here, lord !  
Thy foot-licker is here—O, Setebos !  
What glorious thing is yon', as mountain huge !  
Doth firmly rest upon th' unstable sea ?  
Fanning, with flickering top, the welkin's cheek !  
'Tis sure some god, is come to bear us hence  
To Milan ; which I rightly judg'd was Heaven !

## PROSPERO.

None now are wanting ; instant' we'll embark  
And, Heaven permitting, Italy soon reach.  
Now, my lov'd Ariel, a last adieu !  
As mountain-air, or thought unlimited,  
To the elements, and through unbounded space,  
Delicate spirit ! be thou ever free !

D

ARIEL.

## ARIEL.

One word, my honour'd master! ere we part.—  
 Thy grateful servant would, were't possible,  
 Assure thy voyage clear of doubt or dread;  
 But that is not permitted! all he can  
 Is to advise, and hope his fears are vain.

## PROSPERO.

What means my gentle Ariel?—spirit, speak!

## ARIEL.

Returning from my quest of favouring winds,  
 As, near the summit of a burning mount,  
 E'en now, I was descending to this spot;  
 A sulph'rous demon, issuing from it's vent,  
 Pour'd most unwelcome tidings in mine ear!

## PROSPERO.

Say on, if they import or mine or me!

## ARIEL.

The spirit of that foul witch, Sycorax,  
 Who died, thou know'st, upon this isle, great sir!  
 From the blue lake of fire, wherein 'twas  
     plung'd,  
 Will soon be loos'd, till the dread day of doom!  
 Pow'r she will have to cleave th' intrenchant air,  
 And gird with trackless zone both land and sea;  
 But, as her passions ever earthly were,

And

And she was native of dark Africk's clime,  
On earth, in Africk only, can she harm.  
For that her son's your slave, the fiend beware!  
Touch not at land, fir! 'till your port you gain;  
Where once arriv'd, you may abide secure.

## PROSPERO.

Thanks for thy caution, virtue's constant friend!  
Though, surely, I can have no cause of fear.  
Heaven knows I foster'd carefully her son;  
That, at his earnest suit, I take him hence,  
From solitude to free him, not enslave;  
Nor will I basely leave him now, albeit  
With hags and fiends no longer can I cope:  
But, on th' Omnipotent, most firm, rely!  
Who, if the variegated earth we tread,  
Or plough the printless bosom of the deep,  
Is equally our pilot, guide, and guard!  
All-ruling! ever-watchful! good and just!

## ARIEL.

Now, fir, embark; and, as I wish, be blest!  
Farewell, sweet mistress! ever mild and pure!  
Farewell, good master! cheerily on board!  
That I corporeal were, t' embrace my lord!  
Approach, ye spirits!—'would I mortal were  
One moment, to distil the tender tear!

*Whilst Prospero, &c. embark, Ariel sings, and  
the other Spirits bear the burthen of the Ditty.*

ARIEL SINGS.

NO more by moonlight shall be seen,  
Upon this isle's enamell'd green,  
Or on the yellow sands and shelves,  
In sportive dance, the fairy-elves;  
Since thy low dell, and rock-roof'd cell,  
Thou now forsak'st. Farewell! Farewell!

*Burthen, Farewell! Farewell!*

To bid adieu, lov'd master, hark!  
Thy faithful watch-dogs hoarsely bark;  
And thy departure blithe to cheer,  
Loud crows the shrill-ton'd chanticlere.  
A parting knell, with tuneful shell,  
The sea-nymphs sound; ding, ding, dong, bell!

*Burthen, Ding, ding, dong, bell!*

*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

THE VIRGIN QUEEN.

25

ACT II. SCENE I.

A CABIN IN THE KING OF NAPLES' SHIP AT SEA

*Enter Anthonio, and Sebastian.*

ANTHONIO.

**T**USH! tell not me; i'th' night we might have  
done't:

Instead of this, 'would I had stay'd behind,  
In yon' lone isle to reign, a rock my throne,  
And been both lord and subject to myself!

SEBASTIAN.

But, will you hear? think not I mean you should,  
Through Milan-streets, page Prospero's proud  
heels;

Like captive king in Roman victor's train.

ANTHONIO.

Nor will I ever, come what may instead!  
Death! to be hooted by a senseless rabble,  
The scorn of slaves who knelt i' th' mire to me!  
Deserted and despis'd! no refuge left,  
Unless to shave my crown, turn whining monk,  
And supplicate for scanty dole of bread!

SEBASTIAN.

SEBASTIAN.

You apprehend too quickly ; I no more  
Than you mean tamely to return, and live  
Obscure in Naples, where I thought to rule ;  
And yet intend : as thou may'st still in Milan.

ANTHONIO.

At length thou speak'st ; say on ! I am all attention !

SEBASTIAN.

Vainly 'gainst Prosp'ro's art we had contended ;  
But, mark our fortune ! ere on board he came,  
His wand he brake, and drown'd his magick  
book :

Foregoing, nay abjuring, most fool-like,  
The only means by which we had been foil'd !

ANTHONIO.

'Tis true !

SEBASTIAN.

We're equal now ! and, by a deed,  
The world, were't known, might villainy miscall,  
Ere we arrive at Italy's lov'd shore,

We'll

THE VIRGIN QUEEN.

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We'll lay in an eternal, dreamless, sleep,  
Alonso, Prosp'ro, Ferdinand, nay all !

ANTHONIO.

Impossible ! so closely we're observ'd !

SEBASTIAN

Go to ! to men like us resolv'd, 'tis easy !  
For, in the night, whose next morn'lights us home,  
Can we but get the boat, nay even a plank  
Whereon to float ourselves, to th' crew unknown ;  
We'll sink or fire the ship, whence none can  
'scape !

Then to th' amazed multitude on shore,  
With hypocritick wailing, tell a tale  
Of wreck, and deaths ; and reign compleatly  
blest !

ANTHONIO.

My Delphick oracle ! it shall be done !  
I' th' ship shall they find death, i' th' sea a grave,  
Where they may ever rest ! here break we  
off—

Our faces mask in smiles, and 'tend the king,  
Lest our retirement should be marvell'd at ;  
Confirming th' adage as we play our parts—  
Fair visages oft cover foulest hearts !

*Exeunt.*

SCENE

## SCENE II.

THE DECK.

Stephano, Trinculo, *and* Caliban.

STEPHANO.

**N**OW, Ban! how do you stomach sailing? is't not rare to skim like a gull thus, 'twixt wind and water? how doft like it, eh?

CALIBAN.

I like it much! This is a brave, fine god!  
 And bears us daintily;—how swift he is!  
 He scuds the ocean fleet as fawn the earth!  
 O, that my dam were living to behold him!  
 Grim Setebos she would renounce with scorn;  
 Low, prostrate, fall with me; and thus adore!  
[ *kneeling.* ]

TRINCULO.

What's i' the wind, now, 'trow?

CALIBAN.

Thou unmatch'd wonder!—miracle of pow'r!  
 Hear thy vow'd vassal's pray'r, and grant his  
     suit!  
 Give me but vengeance on my tyrant lord,  
 (Whom, tho' I feign'd repentance, I detest!)

And

And in these arms his daughter once to clip,  
I'll ever be thy bond-slave worshipper!

[*Rising:*

TRINCULO.

So! the apostate has got him a new idol,  
Stephano; you may return to your dog and  
bush again; he'll worship you no more.

CALIBAN.

What means this giddiness?—I cannot stand!

TRINCULO.

And note, if the moon-calf be not drunk too!

STEPHANO.

Out, you ninny!—'tis only the ship's motion  
makes him stagger so; as it did me erewhile.

TRINCULO.

By'r lady, and so it may;—but a sherries-sack  
was mix'd with the ship's motion when you  
caught the staggers.

CALIBAN.

Sure I'm become what they call drunk again!  
But know not how;—for, save mere element,  
Nought have I swallow'd since I left the island.

E

TRINCULO.

THE VIRGIN QUEEN.

TRINCULO.

How he reels!

CALIBAN.

I pr'ythee shew where I may lie and sleep,  
That Prosper see me not : else he will chide!

STEPHANO.

Why, surely, the shallow-brain'd ideot thinks  
himself drunk indeed!

TRINCULO.

A rare conceit!—we'll humour it;—and,  
while he is napping, if we can find the old  
necromancer in the mood, try to get off keep-  
ing watch here at night.

STEPHANO.

Agreed.—Come along, you drunken owl! and  
we'll lead you where you may roost in safety,  
'till you are sober.

CALIBAN.

But am I drunk in sooth?—I pr'ythee, say!

TRINCULO.

Drunk, quotha? there's a question!—ay,  
reeling-ripe, as when the piping fairy led us by  
the

## THE VIRGIN QUEEN.

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the ears into the pool; then, indeed, it was with sack: now, only with the ship's motion:—but a small matter will turn a weak head!

CALIBAN.

Give me sack now! for I can but be drunk!

'Twill drown my fear, and make me full of mirth;

I may as well be jocund-drunk, as sad:—

Give me some sack, I pr'ythee, ere I sleep!

STEPHANO.

Here's a flaggon for you, fish!—the king in the cabin can't drink better.

CALIBAN.

'Tis passing good! a king 'twill make of me!

This shall my pillow be;—I'll drink and sleep;

Nor dread our Prosper, while of this I've store.

SINGS.

I gather'd ripe clusters of grapes from the vine,  
Then champ'd 'em, and swill'd 'em, rejoic'd so to dine;  
Yet, like a dull ass, was raid, beaten, and jeer'd,  
Of adder, ape, urchin, and goblin afear'd!  
But, liquor celestial now, plenteous, I quaff,  
At adder, ape, urchin, and goblin can laugh;  
Ho, ho, ho; ho, ho, ho! I now should not fear,  
Though Prosper and all his curst spirits were here.

*Exeunt.*

E 2

SCENE

## S C E N E III.

THE KING'S CABIN.

*Enter Ferdinand.*

FERDINAND.

**H**OW blest a change hath in few hours been  
 wrought,  
 From dread of death to views of happiest life!  
 My royal fire preserv'd; a most rare bride  
 By heav'n, her father, and herself bestow'd:  
 What could I more have wish'd? how this  
 deserve?

*Enter Miranda.*

MIRANDA.

My life, my lord, my Ferdinand! where art thou?

FERDINAND.

What means my love? and why this war of white  
 Against the damask roses of thy cheek?

MIRANDA.

Thou wilt not marvel when thou shalt have  
 heard!—

Yet, can it be? can beauteous, godlike man,  
 Who bears his great creator's face and form,

The

The continent of an immortal soul,  
His heavenly nature by such deeds debase!

FERDINAND.

Thou talk'st in riddles, dearest! be more plain.

MIRANDA.

Those villain lords,—I tremble while I speak,—  
Anthonio and Sebastian, I've o'erheard  
Plot a most savage cruelty; and doom  
Us all to perish, that themselves may reign!  
Resolving, ere we reach th' intended port,  
(For their own safety taking first good care)  
To burn or sink the ship, and all therein,

FERDINAND.

Well might'st thou, trembling, wonder such  
could be!

Yet, fear no harm; their foul intent foreknown,  
Shall make us guard from that, and ev'ry ill:  
Nor think, O purest maid! for they are base,  
That the whole race of mankind is the same.

MIRANDA.

That were, sweet love! too simple even in me;  
Tho' all unread i'th' peopled world's great book.  
Our isle's small page hath school'd me better lore!  
My father comes! shield him, all gracious heaven!

*Enter*

## THE VIRGIN QUEEN.

*Enter Prospero.*

PROSPERO.

Wherefore these looks and accents of alarm?  
 Say, hath there chanc'd any unusual event?  
 Or know you aught to come gives cause of fear?

FERDINAND.

I trust there's none, fir;—but, those treach'rous  
 Lords, Sebastian and Anthonio, link'd in vice!  
 Miranda hath o'erheard, remorseless, doom  
 Their nearest blood, Alonso, thee, nay all!  
 By sea, or fire, to unprepar'd-for death!

PROSPERO.

And are these wretches men? of women born?  
 Of kin and kind with us?—retire, retire!  
 Stay not to see my weakness, should I weep  
 To think my mother such a monster bore!  
 Nor he frail Nature's only blot and shame!  
 Retire, my children;—nay, I pray you go!—

FERDINAND.

Miranda, come!—let us obey thy fire;  
 And warn, while absent from him, all our  
 friends,  
 To guard against those villains' dire design.

MIRANDA.

My father! O, my father! guard him, heaven!

*Exeunt Ferdinand, and Miranda.*

PROSPERO.

PROSPERO.

O monstrous! monstrous! wicked, horrid pair!  
 Worse than the beast I rear'd; who, tho' hell-born,  
 More human is than these most curst fiends!  
 Their plot, thus timely known, must prove  
 abortive;  
 But the intention I'll severely punish!

*Enter Trinculo, and Stephano.*

TRINCULO.

There, there he is!—we have caught him alone  
 at last.—Now to try if we can get off keeping  
 watch!—He seems but in a crabbed humour  
 tho;—if I had not taken a cheering draught, I  
 should not dare to accost him.

STEPHANO.

He can't conjure the cramp into us now, you  
 know;—so, we may venture safe enough:—  
 hem!—may it please your highness—

PROSPERO.

How now! what means this bold intrusion,  
 slaves!

STEPHANO.

Heaven defend us from cramp, ague, and palsy!  
 [*They both fall upon their knees.*]

TRINCULO

TRINCULO.

And may t'other place keep lock'd-up all the  
ghosts, devils, and hobgoblins!

PROSPERO.

Hence, drunken fools! upon the deck; away!

TRINCULO.

O lord! that's the very place we want to shun!  
—it's almost sunset;—and I would not stay up-  
on deck when 'tis dark to be duke of Milan.

STEPHANO.

Nor I, though I might marry your highness's  
fair daughter.

PROSPERO.

What say the brainless dolts of duke and daughter?  
Foul drunkards, hence! and consort with the  
monster.

TRINCULO.

The monster is now sleeping off his drunken-  
ness;—good your grace! let him watch while  
we sleep off ours.

PROSPERO.

Has he! has Caliban been drunk again?

STEPHANO.

So drunk, an't please you! that we ~~were~~ forc'd  
to

to lead him to his kennel; where he lay, cursing  
your highness, and swallowing sack, 'till he fell  
fast asleep.

PROSPERO.

Haste!—'rouse, and drag th' incorrigible hither!

STEPHANO.

Here will be sad work, I doubt, Trinculo,

[*Aside to each other.*]

TRINCULO.

O for a whirlwind now, to carry us out of  
his unmerciful clutches!

*Exeunt Stephano and Trinculo.*

PROSPERO.

Foul abstract of his dam, and hellish fire!  
Nor kindness nor severity avail,  
To root out native evil from this beast!  
Then let him suffer with these wretched knaves,  
And that more-guilty, for less-ignorant pair!  
Who, for our safety on this watry waste,  
Shall day and night upon the deck abide:  
And, when we Naples reach, the bloody lords  
I will consign to shame! the savage drive  
Into some wild, from haunt of men remote!

F

*Enter*

*Enter Stephano, Trinculo, and Caliban.*

*Caliban singing.*

LET's troul a jocund catch!  
 Laugh, drink, and sing,  
 'Till the welkin ring!  
 I'll firing no more fetch;  
 But Prosper brain,  
 And henceforth reign,  
 Mine own great lord and king!

Whither dost lead me!—what, doth Prosper  
 sleep?

And shall we quell the hated tyrant now?

PROSPERO.

Approach, thou earth! thou drunken, murd'rous  
 slave!

CALIBAN.

Thou ly'ft! I am no slave;—but free as thou!  
 If I perchance am drunk, 'twas this huge god,  
 Whose man-fed belly we are now within,  
 Did make me so while I did worship him.  
 Must I be ever thus for nothing chid!

PROSPERO.

That was the plea before—a fancied god!  
 E'en this dull sot, as senseless as thyself;  
 Who, with his mate and thee, conspir'd my  
 death!

Thy

Thy ignorance pitying, I then forgave;—  
 But for this wiiful trespass, on the deck,  
 Hag-feed! before thou 'bide, from now till  
 morn.

Pack you both with him, firrahs! and partake  
 Alike the punishment as the offence!—  
 I hop'd my fallen brother t'have reclaim'd,  
 And humaniz'd this wretched, wayward brute;  
 It may not be:—heaven's ruler governs all!  
 And, tho' through seeming labyrinths he leads,  
 The blest event still justifies his ways!

*Exit Prospero.*

TRINCULO.

So, we must e'en go upon deck at last! in spite  
 of all our wise schemes to prevent it!—if the de-  
 vil or his dām should pay us a visit in the night,  
 what will become of us, Stephano?

STEPHANO.

Oh, never heed!—the monster is to be with  
 us;—and companions in distress make sorrow  
 the less:—I don't care for the old one himself,  
 when I am in good company: do you, moon-  
 calf?

CALIBAN.

Peace, ye dull fools! I will no more endure  
 This scurvy jesting;—ye are base and false!

F 2

Yc

Ye first, like fiends, seduce, and then betray !  
Beware, foul traitors, how henceforth ye mock ;  
Left into both I strike my sharpen'd fangs,  
And 'gainst each other dash ye, mongrels, dead !

STEPHANO.

What a bloody-minded savage !

TRINCULO.

'Mafs ! I'm as much afraid of him now, as I  
was before of hobgoblins.

STEPHANO.

Fellow Trinculo, we'll watch 'till he's asleep  
again ; then muzzle, and lash him to the  
main-mast : where he may growl his fill, and  
we not fear him.

TRINCULO.

A match !—I'll make the muzzle, and you  
shall put it on.

STEPHANO.

Come, servant-monster ! don't fall out with  
your man-i'-the-moon-god ! I'll warrant you get  
no harm upon deck ;—you shall have my cloak to  
sleep on, and Trinculo's to cover you ; with your  
skin full of sack to keep the cold out : and to-  
morrow we'll devise some rare revenge against  
this old crabstock, Prospero.

CALIBAN.

## THE VIRGIN QUEEN.

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### CALIBAN.

The thought of that would make me brave the  
night,

Tho' rent-up rocks 'mid yesty waves o'erdash'd,  
And livid light'ning scath'd my unsty'd head!

### STEPHANO.

Cheer up, then!—and, to drive away care,  
I'll troul the catch you are so fond of.—I made  
it myself, when I was in the bilboes with some  
more jolly lads; for railing, in our cups, against  
duke Anthonio: who was proxy for the tawny-  
moor king of Tunis, at our princess Claribel's  
marriage at Naples.

### TRINCULO.

I remember it!—you said, tho' his skin was  
whiter, you believ'd his heart was as dingy as  
king Abdallah's face—so, sing away, boy! and  
we'll bear the burthen.

### STEPHANO SINGS.

Flout 'em, and scout 'em—scout 'em and flout 'em,  
thought is free;

Maul 'em and gaul 'em—vile names to call 'em,  
let's agree:

We care for no king—the duke's a base thing,  
worse then we;

In spite of his grace, we'll sing to his face

Liberty!

O sweet

## THE VIRGIN QUEEN.

O sweet liberty ! sing, boys, merrily  
O, rare liberty !  
We'll drink and be free, like fish in the sea :  
O, rare liberty !

*Burthen.* O, sweet liberty ! &c.  
O, rare liberty ! &c.

*Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.



## ACT III. SCENE I.

THE DECK, *by moonlight.*

*On one part, Sebastian and Anthonio, walking  
to and fro; at another, Stephano and Trinculo,  
at work; Caliban asleep near them: a Mariner,  
keeping watch.*

SEBASTIAN.

WELL, fir, how relish you this treatment,  
pray?

Is not your gentle brother wond'rous kind,  
In suff'ring us to pass the chilly night  
Thus upon deck, whilst he lies warm below?

ANTHONIO.

O, kind indeed! as you say, wond'rous kind!  
A precious sample of fraternal love!  
To be dragg'd here at his imperious will,  
And left to consort with these wretched slaves!  
But, list! yon' mariner, who keeps the watch,  
E'en now was singing; let's attend the lay:  
It may compose, at least divert our thoughts.

MARINER SINGS.

WHEN the seaman quits the shore,  
Let him think on home no more;  
For, of those who tempt the main,  
But a part see home again!

Some

## THE VIRGIN QUEEN.

Some are wreck'd, some tempest-toft,  
 To the bottom plung'd and loft !  
     Seamen, when you quit the shore,  
     Think on home and friends no more !

When the raging tempests blow,  
 High we're mounted, dash'd down low !  
 'Mong'ft the stars now, trembling, peep ;  
 Now explore the yawning deep !  
 Some arife, some there remain,  
 Ne'er behold the light again !  
     Seamen, when you quit the shore,  
     Think on home and friends no more !

When the fea's with calmnefs crown'd,  
 And the heavens fmile around :  
 Even then difeafe may rage,  
 Death alike fnatch youth and age !  
 Warfare, famine, fire, and drought,  
 Millions to their end have brought !  
     Seamen, when you quit the shore,  
     Think on home and friends no more !

SEBASTIAN.

This artlefs ditty has more pow'r to footh,  
 Then many an intricate, and labour'd ftrain :

ANTHONIO.

'Thas calm'd me for the prefent : let's repose !  
     *[They retire.]*

STEPHANO.

Well fung, i'faith ! though it almoft lull'd  
 me afleep.—Come, Trinculo, have not you  
     finish'd

finish'd the monster's muzzle yet? dispatch, or the day will break and wake him.

TRINCULO.

Wake him, quotha? an earthquake could not wake him—he swallow'd so much sack for his sleeping draught, that a thunder-clap would not rouse him: but, there—it's done at last, do you put it on! and, when we have made him fast, we may take a nap in safety.

STEPHANO,

On it goes, then;—for, I'm as drowsy as a dormouse:—come, bully-monster! hold up your chaps:—now we have caught you napping, we'll bind you over to your good behaviour.

CALIBAN. [*asleep*]

Ho! ho! 'tis heaven! and now I'm blest indeed!

STEPHANO.

By the mass, it's more than I am!—I told you how it would be, Trinculo; he's waking, and our labour is all in vain.

TRINCULO.

No, it's only the fumes of the wine, which he said would make him dream of heaven;—and he's now raving about it in his sleep.

G

STEPHANO.

STEPHANO.

Say you so? then hush! and let us hear his account of it.

CALIBAN.

Kiss me again, my star-eyed paragon!  
Thy mouth's more sweet than luscious honey-  
bags!

STEPHANO.

Well said, mooncalf! I wish the monster be not grown loving.

CALIBAN.

Come with me, swan-skin! and I'll shew thee  
where

These nails have dug for Prosper a deep pit,  
False-surfac'd quaintly with inviting herbs;  
Within lurk adders, urchins, scorpions, toads!  
That, if i' th' fall the tyrant be not kill'd,  
By venom'd bites and stings he'll mad expire!

[*The Moon sets.*]

TRINCULO.

This may be a heavenly dream with savages;  
I never heard any thing so diabolical in all my  
ife! but he's silent now;—snatch the oppor-  
tunity, Stephano! and on with the muzzle:—  
deep pits! toads, adders, and scorpions! I sweat  
like one rid by the night-mare!

STEPHANO:

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STEPHANO.

Now for it, then!— [*Lightning, Thunder, &c.*]

TRINCULO.

Hold, hold, Stephano! yonder comes the devil, sure, in a thunder-cloud!

STEPHANO.

Mercy on us, so it is! what shall we do? where shall we run?

TRINCULO,

Into the steerage, if the sailors will let us; or else the cabin.

STEPHANO.

Any where, any where;—down, down!

*Exeunt Stephano, Trinculo, and Mariner.*

*Sycorax descends.*

SEBASTIAN.

I' th' name of all that's horrible, what's here?  
Some fiend, Anthonio! shall we stand, or fly?

ANTHONIO.

Be it the devil himself I will not budge!  
I wish to see and know him.—

G 2

SEBASTIAN.

SEBASTIAN.

Hark! 'twill speak.

SYCORAX.

'Scap'd from the lake of quenchless fire,  
 And its fell furies' restless ire,  
 At length I've found my long-lost boy!  
 But, in what state see I my joy?  
 A slave! and sleeping on the deck  
 Of a curst ship I must not wreck!  
 O, that I might! I'd bear my child  
 Aloft i'th' air;—with fury wild,  
 Flame, rive, and wreck the bark beneath!  
 Between a drown'd and fiery death,  
 The hesitating wretches view;  
 Then plunge to hell the burning crew!

CALIBAN. [*waking*]

O, Setebos! what a rare dream was this!  
 To kiss my mistress' honey-dropping lips,  
 And—day and night! do I yet sleep or wake?  
 Wing'd like a bat methinks I see my dam!  
 In dreams I've oft beheld thee, but ne'er thus;  
 Thou wilt not harm me, Sycorax?—lo, I kneel!

SYCORAX.

Fear not, my son! this very hour  
 Was Sycorax freed; a spirit of pow'r!  
 On earth to rule almost divine!  
 This watry element's not mine.

Then

Then, if thou hate'st thy tyrant lord,  
 Unto thy mother's best accord.  
 To drive him swiftly, in my toil,  
 By force, or by some subtle guile,  
 The pilot cause steer straight for land;  
 There nothing can my power withstand!  
 A forcerefs, at my bidding, there  
 E'en now his torments doth prepare:  
 And, to protect thee from annoy,  
 Invulnerable be, my joy!

*[The Sun rises]*

ANTHONIO.

Hail, spirit of pow'r! all hail, dread Sycorax!  
 Deadly as thou, curst Prospero we hate!  
 Thy preternatural descent have seen,  
 Thy purpose heard, which we would gladly aid;  
 If thou disdain'st not, with thy son conjoin'd,  
 The unask'd help of such weak instruments!

SYCORAX.

Your proffer'd services please well,  
 Belov'd of Sycorax, and hell!  
 But I must hence;—the eye of day,  
 Too curious, 'gins to peer, and play  
 The spy upon our deeds of night!  
 See, 'where the garish lamp of light  
 No longer o'er th' horizon gleams,  
 But shoots down fervent, glowing beams,  
 As swift he heaven's steep hill climbs higher;  
 And

And makes beneath a sea of fire,  
 Quick drive the fated victim on !  
 Be careful friends ! farewell, my son !  
 Thy mother now must cleave the air,  
 T' avoid the sun's detested glare !

SYCORAX SINGS.

**D**USKY demons, aid my flight,  
 From this eye-offending light !  
 Guide to where the wing'd-mouse flitters,  
 And the mealy screech-owls hoot,  
 O'er each baneful herb or root,  
 That all human joy embitters !  
 Dusky demons, aid my flight,  
 From this eye-offending light !

*Burthen, in the Air.*

Hurry, hurry, aid her flight,  
 From this eye-offending light !

*Sycorax ascends, amidst Thunder, &c.*

*and the Scene closes.*

SCENE

THE VIRGIN QUEEN.

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SCENE II.

THE KING'S CABIN.

*The Thunder is still heard; and Trinculo and Stephano, crying, without.*

TRINCULO and STEPHANO:

FOR heaven's sake, most mighty king,  
prince, duke, and lords, open the cabin door!

*Enter Alonso, Prospero, Ferdinand, and  
Gonzalo, severally.*

ALONSO.

What may these clamours and strange portents  
mean?

GONZALO.

No good, I fear, my liege!—remember, fir,  
[*to Prospero.*]  
Your magick power's forgone—then let's beware!

PROSPERO.

Fear nothing, fir! in magick what we lack,  
Trusting in him who ne'er the just forsook,  
Prudence and fortitude shall now supply!

STEPHANO.

[*Without—the thunder still heard.*]

Oh lord! we shall be devour'd in another  
minute—open the door, open the door!

TRINCULO.

## TRINCULO.

Most merciful and mighty lords, open the door of your most princely cabin, and save two miserable wretches from this most devilish devil.

PROSPERO. [*Opens the door.*]

Trinculo and Stephano enter, and kneel.

Now, firrahs! why this clamorous outcry here?  
And whence this mingled fear and boldness?—  
speak!

STEPHANO.

Oh, I can't speak! do you, Trinculo.

TRINCULO.

Fear will sometimes make a coward bold! the sailors had no bowels, so we were forc'd to crave pity here; to save ourselves from being devour'd by a spirit, or devil, (I know not which) that just now appear'd upon deck!

PROSPERO.

A spirit on deck! arise, and let me pass.—

ALONSO.

Be careful for your safety, good my lord!

FERDINAND.

Remember Ariel's caution ere we fail'd;—  
It may be Sycorax, the monster's dam.

STEPHANO.

## TRINCULO.

The very fame, my lord ! I heard the monster call her dam, and Sycorax;—and a damn'd Sycorax she is !

*Enter the Master of the Ship.*

## PROSPERO.

How now, ship-master ! what's the news with you ?

## MASTER.

Bad news, in troth, my lord ! I fear'd some ill would come of taking that hellish monster on board ; a devil, I believe, has been upon deck a plotting with him,

## PROSPERO.

Observe me well ! go, charge the pilot strait That, as he would shun death, he land avoid ;— Upon not touching earth our lives depend !

## MASTER.

Our lives depend more upon touching food, I take it, my lord ! and a shore we must go, the first land we can make, or to the bottom ; for not a biscuit is there left on board.

## PROSPERO.

What say you, sir ! the ship was fully stor'd For twice our voyage, and number, ere we fail'd.

## H

## MASTER.

THE VIRGIN QUEEN.

MASTER.

It was, my lord; but, yon terrible beast, Caliban, and the confederate lords, have thrown the whole ship's provision into the sea.

PROSPERO.

Then are we lost, indeed! this foul event  
Is hell's contrivance! for the senseless beast  
Could ne'er have hit on such a sure device,  
T'enmesh us in the snares of that arch-fiend!

GONZALO.

Bear up, good sir! all things may yet go well.

MASTER.

If your highness had not left off your magical  
art now—

PROSPERO.

I do almost repent me that I did —  
But I foresaw not such a dire mischance!  
Yet, will I not despair, nor idly grieve:—  
The haggard fiend has here no pow'r to harm;  
I'll, therefore, send the beast, her son, on shore,  
(Soon as our ship shall near the land arrive)  
To gather fruits, or what else he may find  
Of wholesome viands:—should he not return  
We're rid of him!—I, then, myself will go,  
And

And full relief bring soon ; or, willing fall,  
Striving to save, a sacrifice for all !

*Exeunt all but Trinculo and Stephano.*

TRINCULO.

Why, Stephano ! what in the name of hunger, is to become of us now ? the provision all thrown overboard ! and a sort of poor souls like us at sea, with nothing but ropes' ends to eat, and salt water to wash'em down with ! by the mass, I shall never grow fat upon such diet !—I feel a strange gnawing here, already ;—for, I supp'd chiefly on sack last night : hast nothing hid in a corner, Stephano ?

STEPHANO.

Yes, wine in plenty ;—if the mischievous monster have not broke open my locker, and drunk or spilt the contents.

TRINCULO.

But, hast nothing to eat, boy ?

STEPHANO.

Nothing, but sack ;—which is meat and drink to me ! and he that can't make a good meal on that, ought to go hungry all his days !—but, hark, Trinculo ! dost not hear a noise upon deck ?—that bloody-minded savage is roaring

H 2

above !

above! I fear mischief!—let's hide ourselves in the hold, for fear of the worst.

TRINCULO.

Oh, lord! what will become of me! in the middle of the sea, as hungry as a hyena, and not a morsel of any thing to eat!—at this rate, the hold won't long hold me! and, for want of food, I shall myself become food for herrings and mackrel!

*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

THE DECK.

Prospero, Alonso, Gonzalo, Adrian *and* Francisco; *opposed to them*, Anthonio, Sebastian *and* Caliban.

PROSPERO.

Call yourselves men no more, vile homicides!  
Far worse than brutes: nay, e'en the hell-born  
monster,  
And his infernal dam, you foully join'd,  
And tempted to this most unheard-of act!

ANTHONIO.

ANTHONIO.

Rave on,—we care not;—soon your lungs will fail.

CALIBAN.

Ho, ho, ho, ho! I now shall be reveng'd  
For all my pinches, fitches, racking cramps!  
My unthank'd services, and toilsome tasks!  
Bearing huge logs of wood, for needful fire  
To dress the meat I first had hunted down;  
From the quick freshes fetching wholesome drink;  
For luscious shell-fish, or choice callow birds,  
Climbing steep craggy cliffs, and brittle boughs;  
From which when I have fallen, and gotten hurt,  
To heal my wounds thou, tyrant, gave'st me  
blows!

PROSPERO.

Lying, forgetful, most ungrateful brute!  
And you two demi-devils! is it thus  
(Complotting with that beast to famish us)  
You both requite forgiveness of your crimes?

ANTHONIO.

We would have done't by still much shorter  
means,  
Had we not been o'erheard.

SEBASTIAN.

But, 'tis as well;  
You cannot long hold out on empty air.

GONZALO.

## THE VIRGIN QUEEN.

GONZALO.

No more can you, sage sirs! you've wisely done;  
Destroying that which soon yourselves will want.

ANTHONIO.

Fret not at that, old greybeard! there's no cause.  
We had been dolts indeed, not to preserve  
Full plenty for ourselves; tho' none for you!

FERDINAND.

That may, perhaps, be ours! let us, my friends,  
Assail the triple knot; and, when subdued,  
Teach them the way to fast, as they'd teach us.

CALIBAN.

Try first to master me, weak, stripling boy!  
I guard the food, and eke delicious wine;  
O'er-cover'd with that now-despised robe!  
And, 'less on land ye go in search of more,  
Ye, famishing, shall see us glut and gorge,  
While, ravenous grown, each other ye devour!

PROSPERO.

Foul hag-feed, hence! down to the hold, begone!

CALIBAN.

Begone thyself, proud tyrant! I'll not budge.  
My cruel master thou hast been too long!  
I now am thine!—and, if thou disobey'st,

The

THE VIRGIN QUEEN.

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The stripes and pinches thou did'st oft give me,  
On thy curst flesh will I, tenfold, repay!

PROSPERO.

How now, bold slave! this language to thy lord?  
Who, with a word, can strike thee, instant, dead!

CALIBAN.

Thou ly'st! thou can'st not; impotent and vain!  
Thy spells, thy charms, yea all thy pow'r is gone:  
Which did controul the great and lesser lights,  
Subjected spirits, and made me thy slave!  
In that same sea thy potent magick storm'd,  
Like a dull thing thou drown'd'st all thine art!  
Now Caliban, more strong, is Prosper's lord;  
And thou must him obey, as he did thee.

PROSPERO.

Too true it is, my gentle, suffering friends!  
Most rash and unadvised was the act,  
Which has reduc'd us to this piteous plight;—  
I us'd my art to draw you into danger,  
And now lack art to set you free again!

ALONSO.

Alas, good sir! I am the cause of all,  
And I alone should suffer! had not I  
At your expulsion treach'rously conniv'd,  
These mischiefs consequent would not have  
happ'd!


GONZALO.

## THE VIRGIN QUEEN,

GONZALO.

'Tis even so, in sooth! but, let us now  
'Gainst our calamities bear up like men!

FERDINAND.

Let us encounter them, nor doubt success!   
Conquest, or death, is the alternative;  
Should we, unhappily, of victory fail,  
Better than lingering famine instant death!

SEBASTIAN.

Then turn to me, young prince! thou and thy  
fire!  
For Naples' crown a legion would I fight,

ANTHONIO.

And I for Milan! Prospero advance!

FRANCISCO.

Foul traitors, hold! nor thus assail your lords!

ADRIAN.

First conquer us;—we'll die in their defence!

GONZALO.

Loyal, and gallant! we'll confront these fiends;  
Nor to the hazard put more precious lives!  
Of forty devils were the pow'r combin'd,  
Thus would I strive to quell this hell-born beast!

[Gonzalo, striking at Caliban, is seized by him.]

CALIBAN.

## CALIBAN.

Ho, ho, ho, ho! thy sword is blunt, old man!  
Now could I grind thy pithless bones to dust;  
Rend ye to shreds, or tread ye into clay!  
But, get ye gone!—ye may as soon wound air,  
Water, or fire, as charmed Caliban!  
The spirit of my dam is strong in me!  
Hath callous made me to weak mortals' blows;  
And your united force I stand, and dare!  
Ho, ho, ho, ho! what, are ye all afeard?

## GONZALO.

By'r lakin! I yet never was before;  
But my old blood's now curdled in my veins.

## PROSPERO.

Put up your swords, good sirs! they're but as  
straws;  
A charmed life, in aid of strength, now given,  
This beast hath pow'r to bring us all to nought!  
My life alone fell Sycorax doth seek;  
And that, to save you, will I gladly yield!  
Thou more-than-devil! speak thy dam's behest;  
Which, though destruction follow, I obey!

## CALIBAN.

Make straight to land, dread Sycorax commands!  
What there shall hap I know not;—but, I have  
hope

I

All

All but thy daughter will my dam destroy !  
My frustrate purpose then will I effect,  
And people th' unknown clime with Calibans !

FERDINAND.

Peace, monster, peace ! heav'n ne'er will that  
permit.

PROSPERO.

Patience, my son ! my life alone is fought ;  
And what's a life, compared with chastity,  
Connubial crown ! we come and go as fast,  
As mill-sail shadows course each other o'er  
The sunny earth, in swift successive round !  
Nor can I perish, but by that decree,  
To which who would not cheerfully resign !  
For land, ho ! pilot ; fearless I'll ashore,  
To prove the utmost malice of the fiend !  
Lament not, should I fall ;—they are not ill,  
Tho' they appear such, righteous heaven wills

THE SCENE CLOSES.

AN AERIAL

## AN AERIAL SCENE.

*Enter Ariel, meeting other Spirits.*

## ARIEL.

'Tis done, my pure co-mates ! the word is giv'n !  
For land ! heroically Prosp'ro said ;  
And even now the vessel swiftly sails  
To the enchanted shore it ne'er shall leave :  
Where, to his grief, Alonso soon shall find  
His daughter, and her moorish lord, enthrall'd  
By a vile forc'refs, Hyrcan, leagued with Sycorax !  
Now is the time to prove, celestial bands !  
If hellish fiends to us superior are ;—  
Long have they vaunted, with their burning  
    breath  
To dim and sear our bright ethereal forms ;  
To hazard that, without good cause, were fond :  
But, now, to shield fair virtue is good cause !  
By art, or force, then let's essay the deed ;  
And to good Prosp'ro's rescue instant fly.—  
In phalanx firm, with heav'nly armour dight,  
Virtue the word ! for virtue strongly fight !

ARIEL SINGS.

**V**IRTUE's the word!  
Sound the trumpet of heaven!  
Draw th' adamant sword,  
Temper'd seven times seven!  
To war against hell,  
And its votaries quell,  
Draw th' adamant sword!  
Sound the trumpet of heaven!

*Burthen.*

Virtue's the word! &c.

END OF ACT THE THIRD.

ACT

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

A GROVE IN PROSPERO'S ISLE ; THE SEA IN VIEW.

*The Spirit of Sycorax descends.*

SYCORAX.

**H**ERE may I shun the blaze of day!  
In these my well-known purlieus stray ;  
While the doom'd vessel steers to land,  
Which I'll destroy on Hyrcæ's strand!  
In this dark grove, my mortal frame  
A prey to death erewhile became ;  
And here remain'd my darling boy,  
Young Caliban ! born to annoy  
All those who are not of his kind ;  
With mother's form, and father's mind !  
In yon' riv'n pine I left the elf,  
Close pent, who would not yield himself  
To my desires ; for I was shy  
O' th' amorous seamen, sailing by,  
And scared them hence ! I so disdain'd  
All mortal commerce, since I gain'd  
A spirit for my paramour !  
Whose love I lost on Africk's shore,  
By one deed, which the moors thought good,  
And therefore left me in this wood ;  
Tho' by their laws condemn'd to die,  
For murder, lust, and sorcery !—

When

When I had stol'n, for sacrifice  
 To Setebos, a child; the cries  
 Of it's sad parents, wide misl'd,  
 Made me restore it to their bed:  
 Fool that I was! but, sweet it smil'd,  
 And, for the moment, clean beguil'd  
 My wayward nature! soften'd then  
 To tendernefs, unknown by men;  
 Who dragg'd me, with unfeeling fangs,  
 Here, to endure sharp labour's pangs  
 For unborn Caliban!—What light  
 So sudden dazzles?—'tis the sprite  
 I here left wedg'd; who bears a wand,  
 Of potency I can't withstand!  
 To Barbary's coast,—in yon black cloud,  
 Which thither speeds, and will enshroud  
 From sunny rays my bat-like eyes,—  
 I'll hasten; and, in time, apprise  
 Hyrcan, that Prospero, and his crew,  
 Approach: ere night the deed I'll do!  
*Exit, ascending.*

*Enter Ariel, with a wand, and other Spirits.*

ARIEL.

Thus far, pure friends, success our skill hath  
 crown'd;  
 And art, to force preferr'd, well steaded us!  
 The pliant ground yields not more ready way  
 To the blind pioneer, the sleeky mole;  
Nor

Nor to th' insinuating worm's more perversious,  
Than unto us, in our disperfed search  
Of this most precious staff; which my good hap  
Chanc'd first to 'light on: no less thanks still due  
To each, who freely earth'd his radiant form,  
And help'd, when found, it's parts to reunite;  
Restoring and augmenting its lost pow'r!  
This wand retriev'd, good Prosp'ro's sure sup-  
port,  
For his drown'd book, all fearless, we'll explore  
The vast abyfs of the ne'er-founded sea!  
Should we recover that, our toil's o'erpaid;  
And he again from hellish fiends secure!  
Now to the briny ooze; more noisome far  
Then vap'rous mine, flint, slime, or clogging  
clay;  
And apt to foil our skiey-tinctur'd wings:  
Which must be close compress'd, as deep we  
dive,  
And range through groves of coral; where the  
nymphs,  
And sea-born shepherds, 'neath their moist  
alcoves,  
Repeat their vows, and pour forth all their loves!

ARIEL SINGS.

**W**E'LL view the wonders of the deep !  
The pearl-spread plains,  
The finny swains,  
And green-hair'd mermaids coy, who keep  
The herds and flocks,  
That graze the rocks ;  
The web-foot sea-beeves, kine, and sheep !  
  
Then sadly mark each drown'd man's skull !  
And bleached bones,  
Like pebble-stones ;  
Of which blue Neptune's bed is full !  
When gain'd our prize,  
To air we'll rise ;  
And Sycorax' fell decree annul !

*[Exeunt, towards the sea.]*

SCENE

## SCENE II.

A BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY.

*Abdallah, King of Tunis, discovered in a  
sumptuous Pavilion.*

ABDALLAH.

NIGHT'S curtain is withdrawn, and the clear  
morn

Blushes like bashful bride from couch upris'n ;  
Whose yellow tresses, all dishevell'd, throw  
A golden glare around, creating day !  
But what is day after drear nights like mine,  
From my sweet bride withheld, my Claribel !  
Yet, wherefore do I thus indulge despair ?  
Still may I hope to be deliver'd hence ;  
Still hope I shall regain my crown and throne ;  
From which, as in a dream, my queen and self,  
By Hyrcas's sorcery, were hither brought :  
Me for her brutal lust, detested hag !  
And my fair bride her low-degraded slave !  
But, soft ! I hear the hasteful step of love !  
'Tis Claribel ! fly sorrow from my breast !  
For where she comes nought can abide but joy !

K

*Enter*

## THE VIRGIN QUEEN.

*Enter Claribel.*

CLARIBEL.

My dear Abdallah! mine and Tunis' lord!  
 Fain would I greet thee with a happy day;  
 But the fell forcerefs, Hyrcæ, wild with ire,  
 That her foul passion still you treat with scorn,  
 Since midnight hath been working spells and  
       charms,  
 The prelude of our doom'd destruction nigh!

ABDALLAH.

Were't but myself her wicked pow'r could reach,  
 I'd meet her utmost fury with a smile;  
 Yielding my firm and unpolluted flesh  
 By fiery pincers to be burnt and torn!

CLARIBEL.

And thinks my love that only him would harm?  
 Thou know'st whate'er of ill should thee betide,  
 Must wound the love-fraught heart of Claribel!  
 But, for some hope to mitigate this fear,  
 As on the ocean's marge e'en now I gaz'd,  
 I saw a gallant vessel furl her sails;  
 Whilst from her boat steep divers on the shore;  
 And see, dear lord! already they approach.

*Enter Prospero, and Miranda.*

MIRANDA.

'Beseech you, sir! venture no farther on.

PROSPERO.

## THE VIRGIN QUEEN.

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### PROSPERO.

Fear nothing, sweet! lo, yonder is a pair,  
Of human form, and most majestic port;  
I will accost them!

### MIRANDA.

Rather, sir, avoid them!  
They're spirits! and, tho' one seems fair and good,  
That, with so dark a hue, is sure a fiend!

### PROSPERO.

Collect thyself, my child!—'tis but the tinct  
Peculiar to the race in Africk born,  
Upon whose coast we now in safety tread;  
E'en such a ope, yet courteous as ourselves,  
Did Ferd'nand's sister, Claribel, late wed:  
Should this man prove but good as Fame speaks  
him,  
And from fell Sycorax' malice Heav'n doth  
shield,  
We cannot doubt of succour in our need.

### CLARIBEL.

Heard you, Abdallah, what this stranger said?

### ABDLLAH.

Dearest! I did; and am absorb'd in wonder!  
'Please you, grave sir! approach; and you, fair  
maid!  
Nor lack for aught, save what we also want.

## THE VIRGIN QUEEN.

*Enter Ferdinand, his sword drawn; and, soon after, Alonso, Adrian, and Francisco.*

FERDINAND.

The beast no longer seems invulnerable,  
But shuns my sword! and, with his foul compeers,  
Growling, a different track from us pursues.

PROSPERO.

To share my fortunes since ye all persist,  
As yet, 'thank Heav'n! we are not only safe,  
But landed on a seeming plenteous spot;  
Where are inhabitants, of manners mild  
As their soft climate's sweet salubrious air.

ALONSO.

The moorish king, Abdallah, and my child!  
'Tis sure enchanted ground!—are we in Tunis?  
Do we but dream? or, is it witchcraft all!

GONZALO.

Witchcraft, I doubt! and these but devils, sir,  
Tho' in your children's forms!

ALONSO.

Art thou my child?  
An insubstantial shade? or wicked fiend!

Ferdinand.     [*embracing Claribel.*]

Shade art thou none, but Claribel herself!—  
No fiend had ever pow'r to look so fair!

Claribel.

Claribel.     [*kneeling to Alonso.*]

Astonishment hath held me dumb till now!—  
'Tis your own Claribel, your wretched child!

ALONSO.

Ha! wherefore wretched? speak, ungrateful  
king!

Did I deprive our Europe of those charms,  
To have my child in Tunis wretched made!

CLARIBEL.

Oh, no!—alack, sir, we are far from thence!

ABDALLAH.

Great king of Naples! my most honour'd sire!  
Whom to behold again was past my hope—  
Fly, with your goodly company, this place;  
And rescue hence your Claribel and son!  
But, if that may not be, secure yourselves.

ALONSO.

Explain, my son! declare what ill awaits!

ABDALLAH.

Here bides a potent forcerefs; by whose art  
From Tunis we were hither strangely brought,  
Soon as your royal fleet had homeward sail'd;  
Myself the object of her foul desire,  
My virgin-queen in bondage basely held!

Her

Her the vile witch would elsewhere fain have  
 stay'd,  
 But had not pow'r; and, though till now debarr'd  
 Due nuptial rites, on each returning morn  
 Like th' eastern sun she glads my longing eye!  
 For even witchcraft can't divide the pair,  
 Whose love-link'd hearts are holily conjoin'd!

## PROSPERO.

Mysterious Heav'n sure pointed out the path,  
 To free from hence this twain! my mind's at  
 rest!  
 Let us, my friends, strait victual home our ship;  
 And, nought impeding, quickly re-embark—  
 Come, I'll instruct you, sirs, how to ensnare  
 The antelope, and dappled, bounding fawn;  
 Whilst younger Ferdinand doth agile climb  
 The trees and cliffs, for birdlings therein nested,

## FERDINAND.

Miranda, sweet! stay thou with Claribel,  
 Thy Ferdinand's lov'd sister, and now thine;  
 I must accompany our fires and friends,  
 Swift as the roe-buck to outstrip our game!

## ABDALLAH.

I'll guide you, strait, to where you'll plenteous  
 find  
 The finn'd and feather'd race; unto the haunts  
 O' th' clamb'ring kid, and lowly, and timid hare;

Or,

Or, if a nobler game you would pursue,  
 The ~~beast~~ <sup>bear, fierce</sup> buffalo, and-tusked boar.

## PROSPERO.

Lead on, great fir ! 'twill be a royal chace,  
 Wherein a king doth rouse for us our game !  
 Stay with yon' fair one, chuck ! nor fear mis-  
 chance.

This wond'rous meeting Heav'n, I'm sure,  
 design'd

The foretaste of still greater blifs in store !

*Exeunt all but Claribel and Miranda.*

## CLARIBEL:

Stranger ! with whom my Ferdinand seems  
 charm'd,

Say, whence and who thou art ?—a queen ?—  
 his bride ?

That, since my nuptials, he hath woo'd and  
 wed ?

## MIRANDA.

Answer me first.—Why did you kiss my love ?

I much admir'd, 'till then, your angel-face !

Are you an angel, or of woman-kind ?

For nought to judge by saw I e'er before ;

Except

Except the mocking shadow of myself,  
 And Ariel, my grave fire's angelick sprite;  
 You most resemble me, tho' fairer far!

## CLARIBEL.

Thy speech is passing strange! but, if't be sooth,  
 Thy innocence deceives thee overmuch.  
 No more can I, a woman like thyself,  
 Compare with thee, true type of Beauty's queen!  
 Than can with Ferdinand, the moor, my lord;  
 Whom, ne'ertheless, past health and life I love!

## MIRANDA.

What, that dark creature!—'tis impossible;—  
 As soon the swan might on the raven dote!

## CLARIBEL.

I thought like thee when first I saw the moor,  
 And almost loath'd where duty bade me love.  
 But my Abdallah has a snow-white soul,  
 Which o'er his hue a beamy lustre throws!  
 He won the heart Alonso could not give,  
 And chang'd my mere obedience into choice:  
 Then be not jealous, fairest! thou'ft no cause;  
 Much as a sister should, I Ferd'nand love;  
 But not a jot, sweet! more.

## CLARIBEL.

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MIRANDA.

Jealous ! what's that ?  
Is it a Naples, or a Tunis word ?  
I know not what it means ;—but am content !  
So kind you look, and fair you speak, I'm sure  
You cannot mean to do me any wrong.

CLARIBEL.

Come, then, sweet heart ! and, in th' adjacent  
bow'r,  
Repose thee 'till our lords and fires return ;  
Taste of the pine, or more nutritious fig ;  
Whilst the pomegranate and sharp citron's juice,  
Temp'ring each other, form our pleasing  
draught.

MIRANDA.

Shew me, I pray, to the clear, running stream ;  
With, if you have't, a little new-drawn milk ;  
Some berries, <sup>filberds</sup> ~~raspberries~~, or ripe ears of corn ;  
And, our creator thanking first, then thee  
For thy great goodness to a stranger maid ;  
I'll break my fast, nor covet better fare !

*Enter Caliban, Anthonio, and Sebastian.*

CALIBAN.

They're out of sight and hearing far enow ;  
And I, securely, may my mistress seize.

L

ANTHONIO.

ANTHONIO.

Ha! beauteous Claribel! my long belov'd!  
Whom I, in Naples, for another wedded;  
Hopeless I e'er should clasp thee thus, my own!

CLARIBEL.

What means Antonio?—surely you but jest.

MIRANDA.

The villain lords, and that abhorred beast!  
Fly, fly, fair queen! or we're for ever lost!

CALIBAN.

Stay, gaudy goldfinch! flit not hence so soon!  
Nor thou, sweet mistress!

MIRANDA and CLARIBEL.

Ah!

[*screaming.*]

CALIBAN.

I have ye fast!

[*Seizing the females.*]

CLARIBEL.

My uncle! dear Sebastian! guard your niece  
From this grim monster! good Antonio, help—

ANTHONIO.

To bear thee hence, my matchless Claribel!  
Thy father doom'd thee to a Moor's embrace,  
And

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And left thee, 'mid't barbarians, a fold slave;  
I will enfranchise strait and make thee mine!

SEBASTIAN

And with Sebastian shall Miranda share  
The joys of life, and splendour of a crown!

CALIBAN.

But whom shall I have, if you each take one?  
My mistress have I ever hunger'd for!  
Sty'd in a rock with her, on acorns fed;  
Sea-brine, or stagnant, mantled-pool to drink;  
On her alone I, glutting, could have gorg'd:  
And nothing lack'd, having my nonpareil!

*[Attempting to clasp Miranda.]*

MIRANDA.

Save me, Anthonio! save your helpless niece!

ANTHONIO.

My charge is here; Sebastian's your protector:

SEBASTIAN.

Forego your hold!—Miranda must be mine!  
The other female, if Anthonio list,  
Thou'rt free to take; but this I'll guard with life!

CALIBAN.

'Tis well there is another to appease me;  
Else her I'd have, or will, or nill ye, fool!

L 2

This

This is as red and white, and finer far !  
Wilt thou be mine, my jay, my parroquet ?  
Thou'rt wond'rous gaudy ; I shall love thee  
much !

ANTHONIO.

Stand off, base brute ! this is my lovely prize ;—  
Miranda, only, you came here in quest of ;—  
Her you must have, or none !

CALIBAN.

Oh, ho, oh, ho !

*[Roaring tremendously with anger.]*

CLARIBEL.

Heav'n, what a contest !

MIRANDA.

No way to escape ?

CALIBAN.

What, am I both denied ?—then, both I'll have !  
Your holds forego, and quit them strait to me ;  
Or, by my dam's god, Setebos, I swear,  
I'll flay ye quick ! and rend you joint from joint !

*[Caliban seizing the men the females get free.]*

CLARIBEL.

Fly, fly !—Abdallah !

MIRANDA.

THE VIRGIN QUEEN.

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MIRANDA.

Ferd'nand! father! friends! [*Exeunt severally.*

CALIBAN.

Let loose, ye barnacles!—they both are flown!

ANTHONIO.

We hold thee not!—'tis thou detainest us!  
Darting your talons through our robes and skins,  
Which you can scarce withdraw!

SEBASTIAN.

I'm struck to th' bone!

CALIBAN.

Thus, then, I wrench them forth!

ANTHONIO AND SEBASTIAN.

Oh!——

CALIBAN.

How! ye? dogs!  
If I could tarry I would give ye cause;  
And into atoms tear your quivering hearts!  
*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE

## SCENE III.

THE SEA-BEACH.

*Enter Trinculo, and Stephano with his Bottle.*

TRINCULO.

**W**HAT a tedious time these lubbers are, making the boat fast!—'would they were come! my belly cries cupboard most voraciously; and I dare not stir a foot up the country to look for food by myself, for fear of tumbling into such a pit as Caliban talk'd of in his sleep; which that fury, Sycorax, may have dug for the cross old duke!

STEPHANO.

By the mass, Trinculo, I would not stand in his shoes, though they be made of velvet, for his whole dukedom! I warrant she and her imps will give him a warm reception! boiling in lead or oil is the least he can expect!

*Enter Master, Boatswain, and Mariners.*

MASTER:

Come, my hearts! now the ship's moor'd, and the boat haul'd ashore, let's take a land-cruise in chace of some provision.

TRINCULO.

## THE VIRGIN QUEEN.

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### TRINCULO.

I'faith, master, my belly clings together like an empty satchel ! if we had not found land here, we should have been pretty sharp set before we reach'd Naples; and forc'd to draw lots for a slice of one another.

### STEPHANO.

Not whilst we had such sack as this aboard; he that could not sail all the world over, with this for his comfort, ought never to taste good liquor while he breath'd at nostrils.

### MASTER.

That may do with you, honest butler; but we want something more substantial.—Come, let us go in a body, in case of meeting wild beasts, or savages; and see what this land produces :—tend to the Boatswain's whistle !

### BOATSWAIN. [*Blows his whistle.*]

Come, bear a hand, bear a hand, my hearts !  
a heigh !

### STEPHANO.

You may bear a hand by yourself, for me !—  
I shall neither bear a hand, nor budge a foot,  
while this lasts.—I don't care for roaming any  
farther up this coast, for fear of meeting that  
she-devil,

the-devil, Sycorax; or that devil's imp, her son!—should he find nothing else eatable ashore, he'll make no bones of one or two of us!

MASTER.

For that reason, we ought to keep all together; that we may make the better defence against him.

BOATSWAIN.

Come, heave a head, you lubber! let us steer upward; it looks like a plentiful country:—if inhabited, we may not only get provision, but a willing wench into the bargain.

STEPHANO.

That thought 'rouses me—a wench, a heigh! O, that I could but meet my queen, that was to be, the four duke's sweet daughter; I am in a rare cue for courtship!

TRINCULO.

Mass! I am in a better for a meal's meat! and would exchange the daintiest duke's daughter in Christendom, ay, and Barbary to boot, for a good belly-full!

STEPHANO.

As the old conjuror is certainly made away with, by this time; if we can but 'scape witchcraft

craft and cannibals, and my queen and I settle preliminaries, who knows but I may erect a new monarchy here:—if so, look to be great men, all of you!

TRINCULO.

O, rare! king Stephano for ever!

STEPHANO SINGS,

**T**HE Pilot shall be my prime-minister;  
A jewel, a gem, the state-billows to stem:  
Should any thing happen that's sinister,  
I snug may cry, hem! while you him all condemn.

The Boatswain shall be my head-trumpeter;  
His whistle so shrill, he can pipe with good skill:  
Queen 'Randa, should any dare frump at her,  
The Master, at will, shall imprison or kill.

For a Fool I'm provided in Trinculo;  
While I my sack quaff, he may quibble and laugh,  
Nor ever fear being *in vinculo*:  
So tofs off the draff, and away let us raff.

ALL.

For a Fool we're provided in Trinculo;  
While we our sack quaff, he may quibble and laugh,  
Nor ever fear being *in vinculo*:  
So tofs off the draff, and away let us raff.

*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT THE FOURTH.

M

## ACT V. SCENE I.

A RETIRED GROVE.

*Enter Caliban,*

CALIBAN.

**W**HERE can my mistress and that jay be  
hid?

I can find neither! and could tear myself  
For letting them, so dolt-like, both escape!  
Had I kept either, she might have suffic'd;  
Though my own mistress liefer would I clip!  
Nor can I spy my dam! I hop'd t' have seen  
The wond'rous spirit, when we reach'd the land,  
Destroy that tyrant Prosper! or, while-ere,  
I had done't upon the sea! but, what comes  
now?

Methinks I hear a foot-fall in yon dell;  
Perchance it is my mistress;—that it may!  
I will enbush me! then, should she approach,  
Like cat-a-mountain springing, seize my prey!

*Enter Miranda.*

MIRANDA.

Whither, ah whither shall I bend my steps,  
To seek my straying father and dear lord?  
Or hide me from—Protect me, heav'n! I'm  
caught!

CALIBAN.

## CALIBAN.

'Scape if thou can'st again! thou now art mine,  
 'Spite of those chattering and deceitful apes;  
 Who would have talk'd me out of thee, my right!  
 Or that much finer, but less beauteous, she.

## MIRANDA.

Be gentle, Caliban!—gripe not so hard!  
 Left with your talons my frail skin you tear!

## CALIBAN.

I cannot harm thee!—tho' I meant thee scathe,  
 In punishment for thy late scornful flouts!  
 Be thou but kind, I will be so to thee!

## MIRANDA.

Alack, alack! when was I otherwife?

## CALIBAN.

Full oft to me! although I ever lov'd  
 And fondled thee!—when first into my isle  
 Prosper, a puling babe, Miranda brought;  
 Weeping through hunger, shiv'ring with bleak  
 winds;

I lick'd the tears from thy froze, blubber'd cheeks,  
 Nussled and chafed thee in my hairy arms,  
 Hugging thee close as the dam ape her cub;  
 Fed thee with eggs;—into thy coral mouth

From the goat's dug press'd the warm, fof't'ring  
 milk ;  
 Of thistle-down and gossamer made thy bed ;  
 Then hush'd and lullaby'd thee to thy sleep,  
 And lack'd my own that thine might be secure.

## MIRANDA.

I ever strove to thank thee for't ; and still,  
 As from my father speech and sense I learn'd,  
 Delighted in imparting both to thee !  
 I never laid upon thee harsh command ;  
 Assisted always to trim up our cell ;  
 And in each look, word, deed, was ever kind !

## CALIBAN.

But kinder far to Ferdinand ! though he  
 Ne'er nurs'd, nor stroak'd, nor fed, nor fondled  
 thee !  
 In our lime-grove I lurk'd behind a bush,  
 And saw the lack-beard kifs that down-like  
 hand ;  
 I could have claw'd his lips off, had I dar'd !  
 But now, from Prosper's magick-pow'r set free,  
 Him and my rival, wench, I laugh to scorn ;  
 Here have thee, and will keep thee all my  
 own !

## MIRANDA.

O, Ferdinand ! my love ! where art thou  
 stray'd ?  
 Hasten, and deliver me from this vile thrall !

## CALIBAN.

## CALIBAN.

'Twere death, should Ferd'nand interrupt me  
now !

Though I seem'd fearful late, and shunn'd his  
sword,

'Twas but in craft, to compass what hath happ'd ;  
Then stint this din, and let thine eyes soft beam ;  
Nor scorn, nor flout, for I'm not smooth as he !  
In beauty what I lack I have in strength ;  
More needful, to protect and get thee food !  
I'll fetch thee, mistress ! nests of callow birds ;  
The rathe lamb roast by fire of scented wood ;  
Gather th' empurpled grape for thy repast ;  
And weave a flow'ry garland, thee to crown  
Queen of this unknown clime and me, for aye !  
Give me the honey of thy lips in lieu,  
And let me clip thee !

## MIRANDA.

Monster ! stand aloof !  
I feel strange courage, and unusual strength ;  
Nor longer fear thee or thy brutal force !  
A heavenly inspiration doth assure  
No ill shall 'gainst a spotless maid prevail !  
The Lybian lion at my feet would crouch,  
Tho' hunger-driv'n, if what I've read be true ;  
Nor murkiest fiends, nor thou, more dreadful  
yet,  
Can soil or harm troth-plighted, clear virginity !

*Enter*

*Enter Stephano and Claribel.*

STEPHANO.

Go to ! I know you are queen of Tunis ;—  
the fitter to be my spouse :—for, I intend to be  
King of this new-discover'd country.

CLARIBEL.

Hence, rudesby ! nor insult me more, bold slave !  
Who, thus inebriated, dost forget  
The due respect unto thy sov'reign's child !

MIRANDA.

Ah, my sweet friend ! meet we again in woe ?

STEPHANO.

Bully monster ! hast thou been looking for a  
confort too, and lighted upon my queen o'the  
island, that was to be ?—all's one !—madam  
Claribel will serve my turn, and she is a queen  
ready-made to my hands.

CALIBAN.

This is no time for jests ! avaunt, dull afs !—  
Lo ! who are these ? some of my dam's grim  
goblins !

CLARIBEL.

My brave Abdallah comes to rescue us !—  
Fierce Hyrcan too ? still do I fear we're lost !

*Enter*

## THE VIRGIN QUEEN.

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*Enter Hyrca, with a wand, and Abdallah.*

HYRCA.

Ungrateful moor ! is this my love's return ?  
Was't not enough to wed curst Claribel !  
But you must now with guilty wretches plot  
To leave fond Hyrca fighting to the winds !  
Who, by her art, safe brought thee to this spot ;  
Which an elyzium to us well might prove,  
Would'st thou but——

ABDALLAH.

What ! submit to thy embrace ?  
Forfake my Claribel, my beauteous bride !  
For thee ? foul forcerefs ! form'd to loath, not  
love !  
How can'st thou hope it ? in the mirror view  
Thy form forbidding, which 'gainst love would  
plead,  
Tho' no deformity of mind thou ow'd'st ;  
Crying aloud,—look on fair Claribel !

HYRCA.

Rather, thou scornful !—which thou may'st  
repent—  
View in the glass or stream thy swarthy hue,  
With each peculiarity of clime ;  
And, wond'ring say,—how thus can Hyrca  
doat ?

Or

Or this thy fair-faced moppet but endure !  
 Then yet be wise ;—your new-found friends  
     are seiz'd,  
 And Sycorax will vengeance on them wreak !  
 Would'st thou not share their fate, throw by this  
     scorn ;  
 Receive my proffer'd love ; quit Claribel ;  
 Or thou their studied torments shalt partake !

ABDALLAH.

Wert thou more fair (could heav'n a fairer make)  
 Than e'en my beauteous Claribel herself ;  
 With art more potent than all hell in league ;  
 For her alone I live ! for her would die !

HYRCA:

And die thou shalt ! my love I blow to air !  
 Infatiate fury and revenge possess me !  
 That face, thou think'st so fair, shalt thou see  
     scarr'd ;  
 Those eyes, you call twin-stars——

ABDALLAH,

Hear me, fell fiend!——

HYRCA,

Speak not ! thou shalt not ! with this touch  
     thou'rt dumb !  
 Whilst slighted Hyrcia hath the power of speech,  
     Abdallah's

## THE VIRGIN QUEEN.

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Abdallah's voice shall but in groans be heard,  
In concert with, detested rival! thine;  
As you both struggle in the pangs of death!

CLARIBEL. *[kneeling.]*

Oh! mercy! mercy!

HYRCA.

Hence! I know it not!

CLARIBEL.

Spare, spare my lord! let only Claribel die,  
The lamb, that licks the butcher's bloody hand,  
Shall not submit more patient to the knife!

*[Thunder heard, and a vast glare of light seen.]*

HYRCA.

Hark! I am summon'd Sycorax to attend!  
The ship now blazes on the fatal strand,  
Appointed signal of her freight's dread doom.—  
Thou, stranger-maid, must share their destin'd  
fate!

MIRANDA.

If my lov'd Ferdinand and father fall,  
'Twill be Miranda's greatest bliss to die!

HYRCA.

Unto the burning vessel strait repair,  
And in its flames to perish, Moor! prepare;

N

Love;

Love, Pity, Mercy, hence! Revenge now  
reigns!

Sygorax and Hyrcia stalk the sanguine plains!

[*Exit Hyrcia, waving her wand, and charming  
Abdallah, Claribel, Miranda and Caliban to  
follow.—Caliban and Stephano remain.*]

STEPHANO.

Come, moencalf, now the she-fire-drake is  
gone, have a sup of my bottle; she scared me  
out of my seven senses with her quaint jarring,  
or she should not have taken away my queen-  
elect.

CALIBAN.

We, too, must follow!—felt you not her charm?  
Me it pulls hard;—did I not wish to go,  
It would compel:—but, 'tis my heav'n-on-earth,  
That I, at length, shall see my mighty dam  
Dash tyrant Prosper to the flinty earth;  
On his vile trunk I'll stamp, rend wide his gorge;  
Avenging my long thralldom with his blood!

[*Exit Caliban.*]

STEPHANO.

Go thy ways for a blood-thirsty, and most  
monstrous monster! when I was pot-valiant  
once, indeed, I had some notion of knocking out  
the old conjuror's brains myself;—but, now that  
I a n

I am sober, I can't bear the thought of murder! no, not even manslaughter! so, that I may n't be an accessory, I'll e'en go look after our ship, the fury said was o' fire; and, if it be not burnt, get aboard again, as fast as I can paddle the boat, or oar myself to it!

[ *Drinks till his bottle is empty.* ]

*Enter Trinculo.*

TRINCULO.

Oh, Stephano! Stephano! what will become of us, Stephano? we are undone for ever! left upon this outlandish place, to live upon hips and haws, crab-apples, and pignuts, as long as such trash will keep life and soul together!

STEPHANO.

Why, what a murrain! the ship is not really burnt; is it, Trinculo?

TRINCULO.

Every stick and thread of it! as we were going aboard, to wash down our wild breakfast with a draught of sack; not being able to find the boat again, we waited 'till the tide should ebb, and leave the ship aground; which it had no sooner done, than a legion of devils flew over our heads, set fire to her, and, in a moment, tore her all to pieces, like a handful of lighted flax!

N 2

STEPHANO.

## THE VIRGIN QUEEN.

STEPHANO.

Mayhap they'll makelighted flax of us next!—  
what a villainous voyage we have made on't!—  
my wine is all gone,—I am dry as tinder, and  
shall burn like touchwood! this is all owing to  
the duke's drowning his magical book, and  
breaking his conjuring stick:—if he had but  
them, safe and sound, he'd be a match for  
the old-one himself!

[*Thunder, &c.*]

TRINCULO.

Oh, lord! oh, lord! the devils are coming  
here now!

STEPHANO,

Are they? why then they may burn my wood-  
en bottle, for there's nothing in it; and the  
devil take the hindmost!

*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

THE BEACH.

*The Remains of the Ship burning; Sycorax and  
other Fiends encircling the Fire.*

*A DANCE and CHORUS.*

**A**ROUND ! and around !  
Let the welkin resound,  
To heighten our pleasures !  
About the burnt ship  
Let us gambol, and skip;  
While, in mystical measures,  
We beat the charm'd ground !

*After some magical ceremonies,*

**SYCORAX SINGS.**

**M**Y victims come ! let Silence reign !  
Unless the bird of night,  
To add to their affright,  
By day to cry shall deign !  
Or sheeted ghosts howl, yell, and moan ;  
Or deadly mandrakes shriek and groan ;  
To aggravate their pain !

*Chorus of Fiends.*

Let Silence reign !

*Enter Hyrcæ, charming Abdallah, Claribel,  
Miranda and Caliban to follow her; at the same  
time Enter, on the opposite side, impelled by fiends,  
Prospero, Alonso, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, Adrian,  
and Francisco.*

**SYCORAX**

## SYCORAX SPEAKS.

Welcome, my friend, and darling son!  
 These wretches' line is nearly spun!  
 For, lo! their frames no more can bear;  
 With stony eyes they, speechless, glare!  
 Now, Hyrcæ, shall we vengeance due  
 Wreak on this curst, devoted crew!  
 Done is ev'ry charm and spell,  
 Of melody, or dismal yell;  
 With mystick incantations dire,  
 As we circled hell-stol'n fire!  
 And crackling flames to ashes turn'd  
 The vessel we have, joy<sup>ful</sup>~~ful~~, burn'd!  
 Now speak, proud tyrant, ere thy breath  
 For aye expire in horrid death!

## PROSPERO.

Nor this, nor direst deeds of hell combin'd,  
 Can shake, or alter my still stedfast breast!  
 Conscious I have in nought offended yet,  
 More than inherent frailty of weak man,  
 I know just Heav'n will not permit my fall;  
 But, by inscrutable, mysterious ways,  
 T' accomplish some outweighing good de-  
 pendent:  
 Convinc'd of that, I bow me to my fate!—  
 Yet, if you know what means the gentle word,  
 Have pity on my children, and lov'd friends;  
 And let my death dread Sycorax appease!

## SYCORAX.

Thy death appease, fall'n tyrant? no!  
 Thy friends unto thee first I'll show  
 In torments, worse than regicide,  
 Or zealous martyr ever tried;  
 At which if thou dar'st once repine,  
 Their pangs shall be delight to thine!  
 And, what I know will irk thee more  
 Than tortures manifold and sore,  
 Ere thy vile thread of life be spun,  
 Thy daughter will I give my son!

## CALIBAN.

Ho! ho! ho! ho! I thank thee, gentle dam!  
 Soon shall she bring brave brood of Calibans!

## PROSPERO. [Kneeling.

All righteous Providence, permit not this!  
 In thee, Most High! confiding, I resign'd  
 My potent magick, which had now bested;—  
 Let not thy servant perish for much faith!  
 But, if pure chastity seem good to thee,  
 Send down some guardian Angel to defend,  
 And from perdition snatch a spotless maid!

*Grand Harmonious Musick is heard.*

*Ariel descends, bearing a wand and book, attended  
 by other Spirits.*

## THEY SING.

VIRTUE is the High One's care!  
 Who to shield it from vile lust,  
 Sends his Spirits of pure air,  
 From the mansions of the just!

*The*

*The Fire sinks; Sytorax, Hyrcæ, Caliban, and  
Fiends, go off howling amidst Thunder, &c.*

ARIEL.

All hail, my Heav'n-tried master! Prospero  
hail!

To recompense your former kindnesses,  
Hath Ariel div'd i'th' oozy Neptune's bed;  
Your precious magick-volume rescued thence:  
And into Tellus' bosom deeply pierc'd,  
Your broken, buried wand recovering;  
With th' aid of these, my fellow ministers,  
Firm re-united, and of greater force.  
Accept them, master! from your grateful sprite;  
You now again have power: still use it right!

PROSPERO.

Heaven heard my prayer! to Heaven thanks  
first are due!  
Next unto thee, my kind, my gentle Ariel!  
And these pure Spirits, who vouchsafed their aid!  
My children! lov'd Gonzalo! dear friends all!  
Like monumental marble thus enfix'd,  
Move! speak! embrace! ye now, again, are  
free!

*[Waving his Wand.]*

ABDALLAH.

My queen!

CLARIBEL.

My lord!

MIRANDA.

THE VIRGIN QUEEN.

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MIRANDA.

My Ferdinand !

FERDINAND.

Sweet love !

ALONSO.

Thou wond'rous man ! who hast unlock'd our  
spell,

How can we thank or praise thee as we ought !

PROSPERO.

Your thanks and praises offer up to Heaven !  
Nor Prospero, nor e'en Ariel, now hath freed you ;  
But the Most High ! before whose throne all  
bow !

GONZALO.

My joints are old and stiff ; but to my God  
No youth with a more supple knee shall bend !

ARIEL.

Ye favour'd friends !—restoring first this King,  
And Virgin Queen, unto afflicted Tunis,—  
In Italy you'll soon be fully blest !  
Where, by my means inform'd of these events,  
Gentle and simple, old and young, now throng,  
Numerous as sands the shore, to greet this  
train.

[O

PROSPERO.

## PROSPERO.

But that, my chick! exceeds my utmost art.  
 Our ship destroy'd, we here must patient wait  
 'Till Heaven hath granted means for our return.

## ARIEL.

That Heaven hath done! the sadly home-bound  
 fleet,  
 Conducted here by me, now joyful waits  
 To bear you safely hence,

*[The Fleet appears.]*

Once more embark!  
 Ye scatter'd remnants I'm allow'd to save,  
 Haste, and be rescued from a living grave!  
 All but th' usurping duke, and regicide!  
 Here for their crimes they're ever doom'd to  
 bide,  
 And echo with their groans, on this strange shore,  
 Hyrcas's dire shrieks, curst Caliban's fell roar!  
 Whilst Sycorax, replung'd i' th' lake of fire,  
 Shall ne'er be freed till Nature's self expire!

## PROSPERO.

Must then my wretched brother here be left?  
 Him and Sebastian I could now forgive!

## ARIEL.

It may not be!—Heaven's merciful, but just!

## PROSPERO.

Heaven's will be done!

## ARIEL.

ARIEL.

Here bend the wond'ring crew.

*Enter Master, Boatswain, Mariners, Stephano,  
and Trinculo.*

ARIEL.

Now farewell all!—my duty thus complete,  
I will but tend to Italy the fleet,  
And see my master past all perils' power;  
Then seek repose i' th' bell of some sweet  
flower!

ARIEL SINGS.

FROM Bondage free,  
Sweet Liberty  
Shall Ariel hence enjoy!  
I'th' Bee's quaint Cell,  
Or Musk-rose dwell;  
Upon the Goss'mer toy!  
Then, sportive, fly  
To th' azure Sky;  
Outsoar the Eagle far:  
In Sun-beams play,  
The live-long Day;  
And shine at Night a Star!

PROSPERO.

My gentle friends! ere we depart,  
A word or two on magick-art.  
Though the dread demons of this hour,  
To hell and forcery ow'd their pow'r;

Let

Let not all magick be decried,  
 As hellish and un sanctified.  
 Virtue's our magick-staff! our book  
 Pure Piety!—with Faith who look  
 Thereon, may antres vast explore;  
 Or, fearless, hear hoarse Neptune roar:  
 Pervade the endless, endless skies;  
 See system upon system rise:  
 Soar to the center of all space;  
 Kneel at the Throne of Heavenly Grace!

## HYMN,

*By the attendant Spirits.*

**H**AIL, Virtue! eldest born of Light!  
 Whose ray illumines the darkest cell!  
 Whose presence makes e'en Heaven more bright!  
 With Faith and Piety still dwell!

THE END.

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---

" If circumstances lead me, I will find

" Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed

" Within the centre."

HAMLET.

---

*To which are added,*  
EXTRACTS FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MS. PLAY,

CALLED

THE VIRGIN QUEEN.

WRITTEN BY, OR IN IMITATION OF,  
SHAKSPEARE.

---

" Another yet ?——I'll see no more."

MACBETH.

*F. G. Waldron*

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M.DCC.XCVI.



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## FREE REFLECTIONS,

&c.

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IN “*A Letter to George Steevens, Esq. by James Boaden, Esq.*” just published, is the following acknowledgement; which so exactly describes my own feelings in the same situation, that I take the liberty to adopt the very words.

“When a report first went abroad, that Mr. Ireland, of Norfolk-street, had made a discovery so important as the papers of Shakspeare, the writer of these sheets went to see them, and was very politely allowed by their possessor to hear him read them at leisure. In some instances credulity is no disgrace:—strong enthusiasm is always eager to believe. I confess, therefore, that, for some time after I had seen them, I continued to believe them genuine. They bore the character of the poet’s writing—the paper appeared of sufficient age—the water-marks were earnestly displayed, and the matter diligently applauded.—

To

To a mind filled with the most ardent love and the most eager zeal, disarmed of caution by the character too of the gentleman who displayed them, it will not be a subject of severe reproof, that the wished impression was made.

I remember that I beheld the papers with the tremor of the purest delight—touched the invaluable relics with reverential respect, and deemed even existence dearer, as it gave me so refined a satisfaction. He, who has long combatted with the arts of literary imposture, may smile at the simplicity of this avowal, although he should be unable to refuse his praise to the candour by which it has been dictated.”

Such were precisely *my* feelings when Mr. Ireland did me the favour to shew me the papers, &c. adverted to; and I sincerely hope, that nothing I may have occasion to say concerning them, will be construed into disrespect for him: their authenticity is now on trial at the bar of the publick, and every one is free to give evidence; as mine will be faithfully delivered, I trust it will be favourably received.

Unskilled as I am, the only doubt that struck me, on hearing the papers read, was of the word *whymfycalle*; which, I then observed, I did not remember

remember to have met with at so early a period : this objection was soon overruled by the supposition that, as the word must have been produced at some period, Shakspeare might then have coined it. I acquiesced, departed highly gratified, and in all other respects entirely satisfied.

In a conversation some time after, on the subject of these papers, with a gentleman of the soundest judgment, and best information, I hinted the doubt I had entertained of the word *whymfycalle* ; he pronounced it too modern for Shakspeare : which, recollecting the adage *ex pede Herculem*, caused me to look a little farther into the matter.

Most of the observations I made, many of which, Mr. Boaden having anticipated me in them, are omitted, I am proud to say, have been approved of by the gentleman alluded to. I submit the following, therefore, with a respectful confidence, to the skilful in Shakspearean lore ; stimulated by an irresistible impulse to contribute my faint breath towards the dispelling these newly-arisen vapours : which, if suffered to condense, might dim the effulgence of Shakspeare !

In

In page 1, following the preface to, "*Miscellaneous Papers*," &c. is said, "for I, read *Aye*: this was the Author's usual mode of writing."—Mr. Ireland might have added, *and of every other Author at that period.*

The superscription of queen Elizabeth's letter to Shakspeare, written with her own hand, is as carefully worded, as if it were to have been sent by the penny-post; had the office so named been then established. So far from directing a letter, Elizabeth wrote not the inward contents; that haughty personage was not in the habit of such condescension: her signature only, or, on rare occasions, an additional line, comprised nearly the whole of her hand-writing, in any letter from her. In the letter the queen styles him "*Mas-terre* William;" the orthography of that age was *Maister*, from the old French *Maître*, now written *Maitre*; the French having ejected the *s* from many words in which we, though they are derived from them, retain it. This Chattertonism occurs frequently in these wonderful, or rather blunderful, papers.

"50 Pounds" was a great sum, at that period, to receive for playing "*before the Lorde Leycesterre*," although the "*Expenneces thereuponne*" amounted

amounted to "19 poundes:" and, per contra, "2 *shyllynges moure*" to "Masterre Lowinne;" whom, in the "Deed of Trust to John Hemyngt," Shakspeare terms "*oure best Actorr*;" was but a small compliment \* "*forre hys Goode Seruyces and welle playinge.*" Even the spelling of this celebrated actor's name is dubious: in the list of performers affixed to *Sejannas*, *The Foxe*, *The Alchemist*, and *Catiline*, (Ben Jonson's Works, folio, 1616) his name is uniformly spelt *Lowin*: and, surely, the person who entered into a legal contract with him, as Shakspeare is, in these papers, represented to have done, must have known the customary orthography of his name.

It may also be observed, that the well-known urbanity of Shakspeare's mind, and suavity of his manners, could not have permitted him to affront the great Burbage, and other first-rate performers, by unnecessarily styling Lowin, however excellent, in a legal instrument of public notoriety, "*oure best Actorr.*"

\* I remark here, *en passant*, that *compliment*, in Shakspeare's time, was used as a noun only; in queen Elizabeth's letter to him it appears as a verb.

“ Letter to *Anna Hatberrewaye*.”

This female's names were *Anne Hathaway*. *Anna* is a Latin adoption of, comparatively, modern use ; the orthography of *Hatberrewaye* is merely Chattertonian.

In the letter to her, a kingly crown is termed a “ *gyldedde bawble*.” *Bawble* formerly meant the carved truncheon, with a fool's head at the top of it, used by court and stage buffoons ; therefore a very unlikely epithet to be applied by Shakspeare to the symbol of majesty ; to which he every where pays great respect.

In the “ *Letter to the Earl of Southampton*,” we read “ *itte is a Budde which Bllossomes Blloomes*” &c. Shakspeare was too good a naturalist not to know, that a *Bud* first *Blooms*, then *Bllossoms*.

“ *tooe sublyme a feeling*,” in the same letter, is a very questionable expression.

The scrawl of this sublime and blooming letter is what school-boys call pot-hooks and hangers ; and utterly unlike the hand-writing of that or any other age : and, if the signature be the autograph of any earl of Southampton, it is, I am informed, not that of Shakspeare's benefactor.

In

In the "*Profession of Faith*," "*succeeded to*" is a phrase an hundred years too modern for Shakespeare.

Towards the conclusion of the "*Profession*" &c. *Chickenne* is used for the *Hen*, who receives her brood under her wings ; on the propriety of which consult the holy scriptures. *Chickenne* is also objectionable in this place as ungrammatical, it being used in the singular number ; whereas, the old singular was *Chick*, and *Chicken* the plural, So *Ox*, and *Oxen* ; *Cow*, and *Cowen* ; contracted into *Kine*.

In the "*Letter to Richard Cowley*" we read, "a *whymfycalle* conceyt ;"—the word *whymfycalle*, or *whimsical*, as I have already said, does not, I am assured, occur in or near that period. I have a little book, printed in 1631, entituled "*Whimzies : or a New Cast of Characters* ;" which, though

\* The following extract from the character of "*A Russian*," in this scarce book, as it relates to our ancient theatres, may not be unpleasing.

"To a play they wil hazard to go, though with never a rag of money : where after the *second Act*, when the *Doore* is weakly guarded, they will make *forcible entrie* ; a knock with a Cudgell is the worst ; whereat though they grumble, they rest pacified upon their admittance. Forthwith, by violent

B, a

assault

though *Whim* must apparently have preceded, is the earliest instance I can recollect of any word like *whymfycalle*.

One might imagine, from the careful superscription of the letter to Cowley, that queen Elizabeth had condescended to direct that too.

The figure "*evidently meant for Shyllock*" is represented with a blue cap on. Jews in Venice are obliged to wear a red cap or hat, as a badge of their persuasion. Shakspeare, however, or the painter of this grotesque figure, might not be acquainted with the costume of that place and people.

In the "*Deed of Gift to Ireland*," after the word "*followithe*" are three conjunctive notes of admiration !!! I believe two notes of admiration in conjunction have not been used till very lately. When the plays of "*Kyng henrye thyrde of Englande*," "*Kynge Hy vii*," &c. come to light, we must

assault and assent, they aspire to the two-pennie roome; where being furnished with Tinder, Match, and a portion of decayed *Barmoodas*, they smoake it most terribly, applaud a prophane jeast unmeasurably, and in the end grow distastefully rude to all the Companie. At the Conclusion of all, they single out their *dainty Daxes*, to cloze up a fruitlesse day with a sinnefull evening."

must not be surpris'd at finding in them the words *fwindler*, *shawl*, and *Otabeite*; or the \* \* \* \* of *Tristram Shandy*.

As Shakspere's *Tempest* and *Macbeth*, which were given to Cowley, were never printed till the folio, 1623, was put forth by Heminge and Condell; how chanced it that Heminge did not, having possession of the "*Oakenn Cbest*," with all the Plays therein, and being, we may imagine, on good terms with the party, prevail on "*Master Burbage*," as he had done with Cowley, to permit him to publish "*y<sup>e</sup> Virginn Quene*" in said folio?

For what reason did Heminge exclude from the folio Shakspere's "*newe Playe neverr yette imprynted called Kynge H<sup>y</sup> VII,*" which was "*too bee rebolbye for J<sup>d</sup> J. Hemyng*?" And why did not Heminge publish in that folio the "*Playe called Kynge Vorrtygerne,*" and appropriate what the copy-right of it might then be deemed worth, to the use and advantage of "*thatt Chylde*" to whom it was assigned?

The play of "*Kynge henrye thyrde of Englande*" having, with "*Henry fowrthe,*" "*Henry fyfthe,*" "*Kyng John,*" and "*Kyng Leare,*" been given by Shakspere to "*Masterre William Henry Ire-*  
*lande* ;

lande; we may hope that Masterre Samuel Ireland, or Masterre Samuel-William-Henry Ireland, to whom we are obliged for the immaculate "*Kynge Leare*," will speedily favour the publick with it: a play which Shakspeare's "good and Worthye Freynd John Hemyng," to whose "honorr" he trusted, withheld, not only from a poor child, but from even himself, being already produced; the other hitherto-unheard-of play, coming within the family-compact, "*same name and arms*," &c. is surely a less difficult attainment: and I conclude that the "*more interesting historical Play*," announced in Mr. Ireland's preface, is the play of "*Kyng benrye thyrde of Englande*."

Should any fortunate circumstance restore to us "*Kynge Hr vii*," and who knows what industry and ingenuity may effect? we shall probably possess all the Dramas of Shakspeare, hitherto mentioned; as the writer of these Reflections, or whatever they may be termed, is particularly acquainted with, and has great influence over, a now-living "*Masterre Burbage*," lineally descended, we must suppose, from Shakspeare's *Burbage*; through whose, or some other means, he doubts not he shall be enabled to recover an entire copy of "*yr Virginn Quene*:" from which he has already obtained a few extracts, subjoined to these remarks.

They

They are, for the reader's ease, though not perhaps the antiquary's gratification, divested of the rust of age; the redundant spelling: but, let not a seeming lack of years be any impediment to a reverend estimation.

The "*Tragedye of Kynge Leare*," our Pseudo-Shakspeare says, "*Ifse fromme Masterre Hol-  
linnesbedde.*"

I have not a volume of that historian at present in my possession; but, to the best of my recollection, the orthography of his name in the title-page to his works is much more simple.

The "*Libbertye*" he has taken, Shakspeare adds, in having "*somme lyttle deparretedde fromme hymme,*" "*wille notte,*" he trusts "*be blamedde bye*" his "*gentle Readerres.*"

This is the first instance of Shakspeare's appealing to *Readers*; in writing his Dramas it is well known that he thought only of *Auditors* and *Spectators*: — but, as it necessarily includes an implication that he had prepared this copy of "*Kynge Leare*" for the press himself, we might naturally expect the text to be correct; at least intelligible; so far from which, it is, *maugre* Mr. Ireland's preface, the most incorrect, unintel-

unintelligible text I ever saw, in any copy of any play whatever: and, instead of supposing, as some may, Mr. Ireland, his son, or any other intelligent person, the fabricator; I should rather imagine it to be really, and bona fide, an ancient copy; taken surreptitiously and erroneously, from the mouths of the actors, by some Printer's illiterate devil: to which had, for private purposes, been added an imitation of Shakspeare's signature, and address to his "*gentle Readerres.*"

Mr. Ireland says "that in the paper on which this play [ "*Kynge Leare*" ] is written, more than twenty different water-marks appear."

If this be meant as evidence of the MS. of "*Kynge Leare*" being the genuine production, and hand-writing of Shakspeare; I doubt it will prove a weight in the opposite scale: when the opulent Shakspeare, as he undoubtedly was when his *King Lear* was produced, sat down to write a play, surely he was furnished with a quire or two of paper for the purpose; the sheets of which would, of course, all bear the same water-mark: whereas, admitting the copy in question to be an ancient, but stolen, one; a needy hireling, who could not afford better, may be supposed to have written on casually-collected and variously-marked paper: and a modern fabricator,

tator; for argument' sake here imagined, would be compelled to collect old paper piece-meal; in all probability, containing "more than twenty different water-marks."

In "*Kynge Leare*" p. 4. we read,  
 "Ande the whoresonne must be acknowleggede."

Shakespeare, if we may credit "*The Deed of Trust to John Heyminge*," could, like his own Portia, better teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow his own teaching; otherwise he might have recollected this passage in regard to "*thatte Chylde of whom wee have spokenn butt who must not be named here*;" and who, if such "*Chylde*" ever existed, seems to have been one whose services stood bound to *Goddesse Nature*.

The affectedly-antique spelling in "*Kynge Leare*" is, throughout, so unprecedentedly redundant, as, of itself, to be a convincing proof of inartificial imitation; but the spelling of the Latin verb in the quotation, p. 4. "*Glosterre Exilte*," with the old English termination, the double *t*, and *e* final, is so very ridiculous, that, could it be proved to have been by Shakspeare, we might hereafter say, that he had small English and less Latin; as we have been taught by Ben Jonson to say, that he had small Latin and less

Greek: but, if he had any Latin, he must have spelt the word *Exit*, not *Exitte*. To have done, therefore, with "*Kynge Leare*," at least for the present, the blunders, corruptions, omissions, interpolations, and sophistifications, warrant me in saying, that it is *impossible* for this MS. of "*Kynge Leare*" to have been the production and hand-writing of Shakspeare.

I fear I am not justifiable in commenting upon a supposed letter from Shakspeare at Stratford, to a Printer or Bookseller in London, read to me by Mr. Ireland, and not yet made publick, relating to the play of "*Vortygerne*;" which informs us, that the price required for this perhaps-invaluable Drama was demurred at by the sordid trader, altho' the Poet professes to think it one of his best productions: but I hope I shall be pardoned, even by the possessor of the letter, for observing that "*The Deed of Trust to John Hemynge*", in which "*Vorrttygerne*" is given to the unnamed "*Cbylde*", is dated 1611; and, that the correspondence between the Author and Trader is, I believe, stated or imagined to have occurred after Shakspeare's retirement from the stage, to pass the calm evening of his days at Stratford.

Strange !

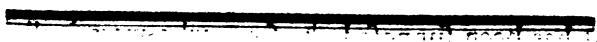
Strange!—that the good, the grateful, the generous Shakspeare, should give a “*Playe neverr yette Impryntedde,*” to a certain “*Chylde & bys beires for everre;*” that he should then set this very play to sale for publication, at a period when the value of plays depended on their not being printed; and lastly, that, although the writings of this unequalled genius were in his life-time preferred before all others, and this was esteemed by him his best Play, his demand for it should not have been “acceeded toe:” but, the immortal Shakspeare be reduced to the humiliation of requesting that his favourite Play, and the correspondence concerning it, should be transmitted to him at Stratford upon Avon!

“*The Deed of Trust to John Hemynge*” and this degrading correspondence, surely, contradict each other!—admitting the latter to be the fact, what was Shakspeare to do with his admired Play at Stratford?—why not commission the person with whom he had entrusted it, to deliver it to his friend Heminge; that it might be acted in London, or at Bank-side, for the author or *Chylde’s* emolument?—and not have his darling “*Vorrttygerne*” thrown among lumber, in an obscure country retirement, to perish through the ignorance of his survivors; or, he miraculously preserved, unseen, unheard-of, nearly two centuries: to enjoy, cum multis

multis aliis, a kind of resurrection, in which the disjointed fragments of our Poet's mental part are supernaturally gathered together, from "*mye Play offe Kynges Leare*" to a wagger "*o 5 Shyllynges.*"

Having thus thrown out a few hasty reflections, I conclude with a sincere wish; that, should *Vortigern*, or any other play imputed to Shakespeare, possess merit enough to warrant the assumption; yet, by critical process be proved a forgery: the ingenious impostor may be ranked with Chatterton in fame; but find better fortune than did that ill-fated, and ever-to-be-lamented youth!

EXTRACTS



EXTRACTS  
FROM  
THE VIRGIN QUEEN.

IN the "*Deed of Trust to John Hemynge,*" published among the "*Miscellaneous Papers,*" by Mr. Ireland, is the following donation from Shakspeare.

"Toe Masterr Burbage I give as followithe from the Cheste afs<sup>d</sup>. mye two Playes of Cymbe-lyne & Othello together withe mye cholen Interlude neverr yette Impryntedd & wrottenn for & bye desyre of oure late gracyowse & belovedd Quene Elizabethhe called y<sup>e</sup> Virginn Quene & playde 3 tymes before herrefelse att the Revells ye profytts from prynting same toe bee whollye for s<sup>d</sup>. Burbage & hys hrs shoulde hee thynke fyttenne soe toe doe."

It

It has been supposed, by some who were inclined to think the "*Miscellaneous Papers*" genuine, that the Story of this chosen Interlude, as it is termed, of *The Virginn Quene*, related to the history of our Virgin Queen, Elizabeth, herself; but, a woman of her masculine mind could not have endured to see herself pageanted in a Stage-play, or Interlude; and to have heard the fulsome adulation with which a drama, representing her own life and actions, must have been fraught: no; common sense assures us, that the story must have been foreign to herself, and founded either on ancient history, romance, or fable; or, that it was invented by the poet.

The MS. from which the subjoined extracts are taken puts the matter out of doubt; *The Virgin Queen* being an evident Sequel to *The Tempest*; and *Claribel*, a character therein, who was married to the *King of Tunis*, being, for reasons which are developed in the Drama, *The Virgin Queen*: that it was written by Shakspeare I will not take upon me to assert; yet, it is not likely that any other person should attempt a Sequel to what seemed so perfectly concluded as doth the *Tempest*: but, I may safely say, that if it was not written by Shakspeare, it is written in direct imitation of him.

Neither

Neither will I assert that it is the identical Interlude or Play mentioned in the "*Deed of Gift*;" for, I frankly acknowledge I had not these extracts from Mr. Ireland : they have been in their present owner's possession twenty years; and the contents of the "*Miscellaneous Papers*" may not have been in any body's possession twenty months.

The play of *The Virgin Queen*, being, as hath been mentioned, a sequel to *The Tempest*, resumes the story just where it broke off ; and opens, on the morning subsequent to the meeting and reconciliation of the Islanders and the Neapolitan Voyagers, with an Invocation by Ariel of the Sprites, Fairies, Elves, Goblins, &c. in subjection to Prospero, to assemble and bid adieu at his embarkation to their master. This scene is chiefly lyrical.

After a Comick Scene between Trincalo, Stephano, &c. Prospero, Miranda, Ferdinand, and Caliban, enter.

Prospero, it seems, had intended to leave Caliban in comfortable possession of his own cell and moveables, in the Island ; but, that plan not according with the latter's feelings, this dialogue ensues.

CALIBAN.

## CALIBAN.

No, 'pr'ythee, Prosper, do not leave me here  
 'Mongst fiends and spirits; who, when thou'rt not by  
 To shield him, will lone Caliban devour!

## PROSPERO.

Be satisfied;—there's nought to apprehend.  
 In Neptune's bed my magick volumes sunk,  
 And many fathoms earth'd my broken staff,  
 Upon this isle no spirit will abide  
 Of good or evil, to delight or fear:—  
 Puppets and elves shall gambol here no more,  
 In sportive ringlets, by pale Hecate's gleam;—\*  
 No more shall hideous spectres scare thee home,  
 Loit'ring and grumbling at thy bidden task;—  
 For, when I leave thee, thou'lt be more alone  
 Than when, with Ariel pent i' th' cloven pine,  
 A shapeless, helpless thing, I prowling found thee.

## CALIBAN.

Which loneliness I now mislike and dread,  
 More than thy sprites and fiends; I felt not, e'er  
 My noble lord came here, its irksomeness,  
 But thou hast taught it me: then leave me not,  
 I pr'ythee!—take me hence!—I'll lick thy feet,  
 And ever be obedient to controul.

\* If this be the production of a modern, he ought to have known that *Hecate* is a trissyllable; Shakspeare, indeed, uses it as a dyssyllable only.

## PROSPERO.

PROSPERO.

What says Miranda? does my child approve  
We take our late-offending vassal hence?

CALIBAN.

Speak for me, Mistress! I'll be naught no more.

MIRANDA.

I think, dear Sir! the creature's much reform'd,  
Since your forgiveness of his last offence;  
And, by commixture with so many men,  
He hourly humanizes; pity 'twere  
In lonesome wretchedness to leave him now,  
Perforce a savage to become again.

CALIBAN.

Thanks! mistress! thanks!—thou smooth-fac'd man,  
Speak too!

FERDINAND.

Please you, Sir, take him hence; I dare engage  
He'll do you dutious service in return.

CALIBAN.

Good now, my king, be mov'd!

D

PROSPERO.

PROSPERO.

I am content ;  
But, have a care ! look you deserve this grace !

CALIBAN.

Yea, that will I, in sooth, my noble lord !  
In the new world thou goest to will I dig  
For hidden springs, to slake my master's thirst ;  
Hew thee down fewel ; scoop thee a trim cell ;  
And be in all things meet thy vassal true !

PROSPERO.

Enough ;—endeavour to do well, good deeds  
Will follow, and beget thee farther favour.

CALIBAN.

Yet grant one other boon, and I am sped !  
'Stead of this rugged hide, to 'ray me now  
In some sleek garment of my bounteous lord ;  
Or still yon dolts thy slave will mooncalf call !

PROSPERO.

'Twere not amiss ;—thou may'st ;—but tarry not.

CALIBAN.

I thank thy greatness !—I'll return anon,  
And be thy lowly foot-licker for aye !

*Exit.*

Upon

Upon Caliban's return, drest in an old robe,  
Gonzalo, who in the interim had entered, and  
conversed with Prospero, exclaims—

## GONZALO.

I'th' name of all that's savage, what comes here ?  
The thing we spake of, surely, new-attir'd.  
Why, how now, Sirrah ? Wherefore this fine change  
From a rough skin to an embroider'd filk ?

## CALIBAN.

I crav'd this robe, that by yon scoffing apes  
I might no more be flouted at, and mock'd ;—  
They call'd me servant-monster, mooncalf, fish !  
Perchance they'll think I am more manlike now ;  
It may be, but I am not near so warm :  
A shaggy hide, from the chill breeze to 'fend,  
Is far more worth than filk, or glitt'ring gold.

The entire company being assembled, and information brought that all is ready for their embarking, Prospero says,

Here, then, I bid adieu to solitude !—  
Farewell the desert wild, the sanded beach,  
Where oft, from dawn to dusky e'en, I've strain'd  
My care-dimm'd opticks to descry a sail ;  
Farewell my low-roof'd cave, whose flinty bed  
My humbled body hardiness hath taught,  
But never callous made my feeling mind ;  
While some, whose limbs enervate upon down,  
Permit their hearts to harden into stone.  
Farewell adversity ;—O, best of schools !

Still may I practice what in thee I learn'd.  
 Farewell my sorrows all!—hail, smiling peace!  
 And laud we Heav'n for this our blest release!

After a caution given to Prospero by Ariel, for a very particular reason assigned, not to touch at any land till they had reach'd their place of destination, the whole company embark; Spirits of various denominations take leave of Prospero in a Lyrical Farewell: which concludes the first Act.

In some excellent papers on *The Tempest*, in *The Adventurer*, the writer of them, speaking of the brutal barbarity of the son of Sycorax, says—  
 “I always lament that our author has not preserved this fierce and implacable spirit in Caliban, to the end of the play; instead of which, he has, I think, injudiciously put into his mouth, words that imply repentance and understanding.”

“————— I'll be wife hereafter  
 “ And seek for grace.” &c.

Whether the fine taste of the elegant writer did but coincide with Shakspeare's then-unknown amplification of this singular character; or whether, if it be an imitation only, the copier availed himself of Dr. <sup>Warton</sup> ~~Hawksworth~~'s hint, is a question for the connoisseurs: certain it is, that the implacable  
 cable

cable spirit of this demi-devil bursts forth, the first opportunity it hath of again shewing itself.

On Caliban's being assured, in the first Act, that he shall accompany his master, and still-beloved mistress, he says, apart,

Now shall I see the wond'rous, yearn'd-for, place,  
Where many Prospers and Mirandas dwell :  
He calls it Milan :—I opine 'tis Heav'n !  
It must, perforce ; for many such as she  
Would make a Heav'n e'en of this desert isle !

And when he first sees the ship, he exclaims,

O, Setebos !  
What glorious thing is yon', as mountain huge !  
Doth firmly rest upon th'unstable sea ?  
Fanning, with flickering top, the welkin's cheek !  
'Tis sure some god, is come to bear us hence,  
To Milan ; which I rightly judg'd was Heav'n !

Being, in the second Act, on the deck, with Stephano and Trinculo, they converse as follows ;—

STEPHANO.

Now, 'Ban ! how do you stomach sailing ? is't not rare to skim like a gull, thus, 'tween wind and water ? how dost like it, eh ?

CALIBAN.

I like it much ! This is a brave, fine god !

And

And bears us daintily ;—how swift he is !  
 He scuds the ocean fleet as fawn the earth !  
 O, that my dam were living to behold him !  
 Grim Setebos she would renounce with scorn ;  
 Low, prostrate, fall with me ; and thus adore !

[*Kneeling.*

TRINCULO.

What's in the wind, now, 'trow ?

CALIBAN.

Thou unmatch'd wonder !—miracle of pow'r !  
 Hear thy vow'd vassal's pray'r, and grant his suit !  
 Give me but vengeance on my tyrant lord,  
 (Whom, tho' I feign'd repentance, I detest !)  
 And full fruition of his daughter's charms,  
 Thy bond-slave worshipper I'll be for aye !

[*Rising.*

TRINCULO.

Lo ! the apostate has got him a new idol, Stephano ; you  
 may return to your dog and bush again ; he'll worship you  
 no more.

CALIBAN.

What means this giddiness ?—I cannot stand !

TRINCULO.

And mark, if the mooncalf be not drunk too !

STEPHANO.

Out, you ninny !—'tis only the ship's motion makes him  
 stagger so ; as it did me erewhile.

TRINCULO.

TRINCALO.

By'r lady, and so it may ;—but a sherris-sack was mix'd  
with the ship's motion when you caught the staggers.

CALIBAN.

Sure I'm become what they call drunk again !  
But know not how ;—for, fave meer element,  
Nought have I swallow'd since I left the isle.

TRINCALO.

See how he reels !

CALIBAN.

I pr'ythee shew where I may lie and sleep,  
That Prosper see me not : else he will chide !

STEPHANO.

Why, surely, the shallow-brain'd ideot thinks himself  
drunk indeed !

TRINCALO.

A rare conceit !—we'll humour it ;—and, while he is  
napping, if we can find the old necromancer in the mood,  
try to get off keeping watch here at night.

STEPHANO.

Agreed.—Come along, you drunken owl ! and we'll  
lead you where you may roost in safety, till you are  
sober.

CALIBAN.

But am I drunk in sooth ?—I pr'ythee say !

TRINCALO.

## TRINCALO.

Drunk, quotha? there's <sup>a</sup>the question!—ay, reeling-ripe,  
as when the piping fairy led us by the ears into the pool;  
then, indeed, it was with sack: now with only the ship's  
motion:—but, a small matter will turn a weak head!

## CALIBAN.

Give me sack now! for I can but be drunk!  
'Twill drown my fear, and make me full of mirth;  
I may as well be jocund-drunk, as sad:—  
Give me some sack, I pr'ythee, ere I sleep!

## STEPHANO.

Here's a flaggon for you, fish!—the king in the cabin  
can't ~~drink~~ drink better.

## CALIBAN.

*my/* 'Tis passing good! a king 'twill make of me!  
This shall ~~be~~ pillow be;—I'll drink and sleep;  
Nor dread our Prospero, while of this I've store.

Trincalo and Stephano having in their appli-  
cation to Prospero told him that Caliban was  
drunk and asleep, are orderd to fetch him; they  
arouse, and bring him into the cabin.

## CALIBAN.

Whither dost lead me?—what, dost Prosper sleep?  
And shall we brain the hated tyrant now!

## PROSPERO.

Approach, thou earth! thou drunken, murd'rous slave!

## CALIBAN.

## CALIBAN.

Thou ly'st ! I am no slave ;—but free as thou !  
 If I perchance am drunk, 'twas this huge god,  
 Whose man-fed belly we are now within,  
 Did make me so while I did worship him.  
 Must I be ever thus for nothing chid !

Prospero, to punish his relapse, enjoins him to remain on the deck, with the others who had offended him, all night.

They endeavour to sooth, and reconcile Caliban to what they have brought on him, by some common-place jests ; but the monster, not being now in a joking humour, says—

Peace, ye dull fools ! I will no more endure  
 This scurvy jesting ;—ye are base and false !  
 Ye first, like fiends, seduce, and then betray !  
 Beware, foul traitors, how henceforth ye mock ;  
 Lest into both I strike my sharpen'd fangs,  
 And 'gainst each other dash ye, mongrels, dead !

They pacify him at length, by promising to devise some revenge against Prospero ; and he exclaims,—

The thought of that would make me brave the night,  
 Tho' livid light'nings, darting, singed my head ;  
 And risted rocks 'mid yessy waves o'erdash'd !

He is, at length, wrought into good humour ; and the second act concludes with their singing

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the entire catch, of which in *The Tempest* we have only this fragment ;——

“Flout ‘em, and skout ‘em ; and skout ‘em, and flout ‘em  
“Thought is free.”

The “*gentle Readerres*” must suppose other scenes to have intervened ; but Caliban being (unique a character, I was solicitous that the extracts I procured should relate chiefly to him in the third Act he is seen dreaming of Miranda and talking in his sleep, on the deck ;——

Ho, ho ! ‘tis heaven !—now I am blest indeed !

---

Kiss me again, my star-eyed Paragon !  
Thy mouth’s more sweet than luscious honey-bags.

---

Come with me, swan-skin ! and I’ll shew thee where  
These nails have dug for Prosper a deep pit,  
False-surfac’d quaintly with inviting herbs ;  
Within lurk adders, urchins, scorpions, toads !  
That, if i’ th’ fall the tyrant be not kill’d,  
By venom’d bites and stings he’ll mad expire !

The Spirit of his Dam, Sycorax, descends  
amidst thunder, lightning, &c.

Caliba

Caliban awakes.

O, Setebos, what a rare dream was this !  
 To kiss my mistress' honey-dropping lips,  
 And—Day and Night !—do I yet sleep or wake ?  
 Wing'd like a bat methinks I see my dam !  
 In dreams I have oft beheld thee, but ne'er thus ;  
 Thou wilt not harm me, Sycorax ?—lo, I kneel !

Sycorax, who at her death was "*doom'd for a  
 certain term to fast in fires,*" replies——

Fear not, my son ! this very hour  
 Was Sycorax freed ; a Spirit of pow'r !  
 On earth to rule almost divine !  
 This watry element's not mine.  
 Then, if thou hat'st thy tyrant lord,  
 Unto thy mother's heft accord.  
 To drive him swift into my toil,  
 By force, or by some subtle guile,  
 The pilot cause steer strait for land ;  
 There nothing can my power withstand !  
 A forcerefs, at my bidding, there  
 E'en now his torments doth prepare :  
 And, to protect thee from annoy,  
 Invulnerable be, my joy !

Sebastian and Anthonio, having returned to their  
 villainy, abet the monster ; whose first step to  
 distress Prospero is the destroying, or throwing  
 over-board, all the provisions ; excepting what is  
 necessary for himself and his party.

Prospero and the rest, being informed of these disasters, repair to the deck ; Caliban thus exults over his master :—

Ho, ho, ho, ho ! I now shall be reveng'd  
 For all my pinches, stitches, racking cramps !  
 My unthank'd services, and toilsome tasks !  
 Bearing huge logs of wood, for needful fire  
 To dress the meat I first had hunted down ;  
 From the quick freshes fetching wholesome drink ;  
 For luscious shell-fish, or choice callow birds,  
 Climbing steep craggy cliffs, and brittle boughs ;  
 From which when I have fall'n, and gotten hurt,  
 To heal my wounds thou, tyrant, gavest me blows !

During the altercation, Ferdinand says ;—

————— let us, my friends,  
 Assail the triple knot ; and, when subdu'd,  
 Teach them the way to fast, as they would us.

#### CALIBAN.

Try first to master me, weak, stripling boy !  
 I guard the food, eke most delicious wine ;  
 O'ercover'd with this now-despised robe !  
 And, 'less on land ye go in search of more,  
 Ye, famishing, shall see us glut and gorge,  
 Whilst, ravenous grown, each other ye devour !

#### PROSPERO.

Foul hag-feed, hence ! down to the hold, begone !

#### CALIBAN.

Begone thyself, prond tyrant ! I'll not budge.  
 My cruel master thou hast been too long !

I now

I now am thine!—and, if thou disobey'st,  
The stripes and pinches thou inflict'd'st on me,  
On thy curst flesh will I, tenfold, repay!

## PROSPERO.

How now, bold slave! this language to thy lord?  
Who, with a word, can strike thee, instant', dead!

## CALIBAN.

Thou ly'st! thou canst not—vain, forgetful fool!  
Thy spells, thy charms, yea all thy pow'r is gone;  
Which did controul the great and lesser light,  
Subjected Spirits, and made me thy slave!  
In that same sea thy potent magick storm'd,  
Like a dull thing thou drowned'st all thine art!  
Now Caliban, more strong, is Prosper's lord;  
And thou must him obey, as he did thee.

The good old lord, Gonzalo, during the contest says,—

Of forty devils were the pow'r combin'd,  
Thus would I strive to quell this hell-born beast!

## CALIBAN.\*

Ho, ho, ho, ho! thy sword is blunt, old man!  
Now could I grind thy pithless bones to dust;  
Rend ye to shreds, or tread ye into earth!

But,

\* Could any thing really persuade me that an original and hitherto-unpublished play, written by Shakspeare, were in being, two passages in this speech would; which are so similar to two others in *Macbeth* and *As you like it*, that it is not probable any imitator would have ventured on such close parallels.

But, get ye gone !—ye may as soon wound air,  
 Water, or fire, as charmed Caliban !  
 The spirit of my dam is strong in me !  
 Hath callous made me to weak mortals' blows ;  
 And your united force I stand, and dare !  
 Ho, ho, ho, ho ! what, are ye all afraid ?

## GONZALO.

By'r Lakin ! I yet never was before ;  
 But my old blood's now curdled in my veins :

## PROSPERO.

Put up your swords, good firs, they're but as straws ;  
 A charmed life, in aid of strength, now given,  
 This beast hath pow'r to bring us all to nought !  
 My life alone fell Sycorax doth seek ;—  
 And that, to save you, will I gladly yield !  
 Thou more-than-devil ! speak thy dam's behest ;  
 Which, though destruction follow, I obey !

## CALIBAN.

Make straight to land, dread Sycorax commands !  
 What there shall hap I know not ;—but, I have hope  
 All but thy daughter will my dam destroy !  
 My frustrate-purpose then will I effect,  
 And people th' unknown clime with Calibans !

## FERDINAND.

Peace, monster, peace ! that heav'n will ne'er permit.

## PROSPERO.

Patience, my son ! my life alone is fought ;  
 And what's a life, compared with chastity,  
 Connubial crown ! we come and go as fast,

\*As mill-fail shadows course each other o'er  
 The sunny earth, in an unceasing round!  
 Nor can I perish, but by that decree,  
 To which who would not chearfully resign!  
 For land, ho! pilot; fearless I'll ashore,  
 To prove the utmost malice of the fiend!  
 Lament not, should I fall;—they are not ill,  
 Tho' they appear such, righteous heaven wills!

The Scene closes, and the third act concludes with a convocation of Ariel, and other good Spirits; who having determined to counteract, if possible, the machinations of Sycorax, &c. sing a hymn and chorus, expressive of their ardour in the cause of Virtue.

The fourth act brings us acquainted with Abdallah, (in *The Tempest* the nameless) King of Tunis, lately married to Claribel, daughter of Alonso, king of Naples.

In an old geographical book in my possession, date unknown, is the following passage;—

“This

\* As mill-fail shadows &c.

This passage struck me, at first, as too mean and familiar for the mouth of Prospero; till I recollected an almost-similar one in the first act of *The Tempest*;

“\_\_\_\_\_ where thou didst vent thy groans,

“As fast as mill-wheels strike.”

“ This whole Countrie (at this day) is called the kingdom of *Tunis*: the king whereof is a kinde of stipendary unto the *Turke*: the people that inhabite there are generally *Sarazens*, and doe professe *Mahomet*.”

It has always appeared very strange to me, yet I have never met with any observation on it, that Shakspeare should so grossly have erred against the known laws and customs of nations, as to couple the daughter of a Christian king with a Mahometan !

For a royal Protestant to marry a Papist, or vice versa, required a dispensation from the Pope ; but, to permit the union of a Christian princess and an infidel was, I believe, only in the power of a Poet ; who could plead in extenuation, that “ *the truest poetry is the most feigning*.” We shall find, however, by this *Sequel*, that Shakspeare, if it be his, was not insensible of the faux pas he had committed ; as the marriage is so very illicitous, that the Bride, poor thing ! remains a *Virgin* : whence the title of this chosen Play or Interlude, *THE VIRGIN QUEEN*.

“ Fore the beginning of this play,” a Sorcerer, (formerly leagued with Sycorax, who was banished from Argier, or Algiers, to Prospero’s isle)

isle) was enamoured of Abdallah ; he rejecting her offers of love, and marrying Claribel, the enraged witch prevents consummation ; conveys the unhappy pair by her "*so potent art*" from Tunis, and holds them in durance : but, for that even Magick cannot quite separate a loving married pair, they are permitted to see and converse with each other daily.

In this posture of affairs the fourth Act opens ; discovering Abdallah alone, reclining in a sumptuous pavilion.

ABDALLAH.

Nights vapours are dispers'd ; and the clear morn  
 Blushes like bashful bride from couch upris'n ;  
 Whose yellow tresses, all dishevell'd, throw  
 A golden glare around, creating day !  
 But what is day after dreat nights like mine ?  
 From my sweet bride estrang'd, my Claribel !  
 Yet, wherefore do I thus indulge despair ?  
 Still may I hope to be deliver'd hence ;  
 Still hope I shall regain my throne and crown ;  
 From which, as in a dream, my queen and self  
 By Hyrcas's sorcery were hither brought,  
 Me for her paramour ; detested hag !  
 And my fair bride her low-degraded slave !  
 But, soft ! I hear the hasteful step of love !  
 'Tis Claribel ! fly sorrow from my breast !  
 For where she comes nought can abide but joy !

*Enter Claribel.*

F

CLARIBEL.

## THE VIRGIN QUEEN:

## CLARIBEL.

My dear Abdallah ! mine and Tunis' lord !  
 Fain would I greet thee with a happy day ;  
 But the fell Sorcerers, Hyrcæ, wild with ire,  
 That her foul passion still you treat with scorn,  
 Since midnight hath been working spells, and charms,  
 The prelude of resolv'd destruction nigh !

## ABDALLAH.

Were't but myself her wicked pow'r could reach,  
 I'd meet her utmost fury with a smile ;  
 Yielding my firm and unpolluted flesh  
 By fiery pincers to be burnt and torn !

## CLARIBEL.

And thinks my love that only him would harm ?  
 Thou know'st whate'er of ill should thee betide,  
 Must wound the soul of doating Claribel !  
 But, for some hope to mitigate this fear,  
 As on the ocean's marge e'en now I gazed,  
 I saw a gallant vessel furl her sails ;  
 Whilst from her boat steep divers on the shore :  
 And see, dear lord, already they approach.

*Enter Prospero and Miranda.*

## MIRANDA.

'Beseech you, Sir ! venture no farther on !

## PROSPERO.

Fear nothing, dear !—lo, yonder are a pair,  
 Of human form, and most majestic port ;  
 I will accost them.

MIRANDA.

## MIRANDA.

Rather, Sir, avoid them !  
 They're spirits ! and, tho' one seems fair and good,  
 That, with so dark an hue, is sure a fiend !

## PROSPERO.

Collect thyself, my child !—'tis but the tinct  
 Peculiar to the race in Africk born,  
 Upon which coast we now in safety tread ;  
 E'en such a one, yet courteous as ourselves,  
 Did Ferd'nand's sister, Claribel, late wed :  
 Should this man prove like what Fame blazons him,  
 And from fell Sycorax' malice Heav'n doth shield,  
 We cannot doubt of succour in our need.

## CLARIBEL.

Heard you, Abdallah, what this stranger said ?

## ABDALLAH.

I did ; and am absorb'd in wonder, sweet !  
 'Please you, approach, grave Sir ! and you, fair maid !  
 Nor lack for aught, save what we also want.

*Enter Ferdinand, his sword drawn ; and, soon after, Alonzo,  
 Gonzalo, Adrian, and Francisco.*

## FERDINAND.

The beast no longer seems invulnerable,  
 But shuns my sword ; and, with his foul compeers,  
 Growling, a different track from us pursues.

## PROSPERO.

To share my fortunes since ye all persist,  
 As yet, 'thank Heav'n! we are not only safe,  
 But landed on a seeming plenteous spot;  
 Where are inhabitants, of manners mild  
 As their soft climate's sweet surrounding air.

## ALONSO.

The Moorish king, Abdallah, and my child!  
 'Tis sure enchanted ground!—Are we in Tunis,  
 A delusive dream,—or, is it witchcraft all?

## GONZALO.

Witchcraft, I doubt! and these but devils, Sir,  
 Hid in your children's shapes.

## ALONSO.

Art thou my child,  
 An insubstantial shade, or wicked fiend?

FERDINAND, *embracing Claribel.*

Shade is it none, but Claribel herself;—  
 No fiend had ever pow'r to look so fair!

CLARIBEL, *kneeling to Alonso.*

Astonishment hath held me dumb till now!—  
 'Tis your own Claribel, your wretched child!

## ALONSO.

Ha! wherefore wretched? Speak, ungrateful king!  
 Did I deprive our Europe of those charms,  
 To have my child in Tunis wretched made?

## CLARIBEL.

## CLARIBEL.

Oh, no! alack, Sir, we are far from thence!

## ABDALLAH.

Great king of Naples! my most honour'd fire!  
Whom to behold again, was past my hope;—  
Fly with your goodly company this place,  
And rescue hence your Claribel and son!  
But, if that may not be, secure yourselves,

## ALONSO.

What means my son! know you of ill awaits?

## ABDALLAH.

Here 'bides a potent Sorcerer; by whose art  
From Tunis we were hither strangely brought,  
Soon as your royal fleet had homeward sail'd;  
Myself the object of her foul desire,  
My virgin-bride degraded to a slave!  
Her the vile witch would elsewhere fain have stay'd,  
But had not pow'r; and, though till now debarr'd  
Chaste Hymen's rites, on each returning morn  
Like th'easter sun she glads my longing eye!  
For witchcraft cannot quite divide the pair,  
Whose hearts by love and wedlock are entwin'd!

## PROSPERO.

Mysterious Heav'n sure pointed out this path  
To free from hence these twain! my mind's at rest!  
Let us, my friends, strait victual home our ship;  
And, nought impeding, quickly re-embark.—  
Come, I'll instruct you, Sirs, how to ensnare

The

The skipping kid, and dappled, bounding fawn;  
 Whilst younger Ferdinand doth agile climb  
 The cliffs and trees, for birdlings nested there.

## FERDINAND.

Miranda, sweet! stay thou with Claribel,  
 Thy Ferdinand's lov'd sister, and now thine;  
 I must accompany our fires and friends,  
 Swift as the roe-buck to outstrip our game!

## ABDALLAH.

I'll guide you, Sirs, to where you'll plenteous find  
 The fin'd or feather'd race; unto the haunts  
 Of the fleet venison, the clamb'ring kid,  
 And, though to slaughter them doth irk my heart!  
 The lambkin, frikking near his fleecy dam:  
 Or, if a nobler game you would pursue,  
 The boar, fierce buffalo, and angry bear.\*

## PROSPERO.

Lead on, great Sir! 'twill be a royal chase,  
 Wherein a king doth rouse for us our game!  
 Stay with this fair one, chuck! nor fear mischance.  
 This wond'rous meeting Heav'n, I'm sure, design'd  
 The foretaste of still greater bliss in store!

*[Exeunt all but Claribel and Miranda.]*

## CLARIBEL.

Stranger! with whom my Ferdinand seems charm'd,  
 Say, whence and who thou art?—a queen?—his bride?  
 Whom, since my nuptials, he hath woo'd and wed?

## MIRANDA.

\* I fear that Shakspeare, or his imitator, has, in this enumeration of creatures, mention'd some not indigenous to the northern coast of Africa; where the scene is now supposed to lie.

## MIRANDA.

Answer me first.—Why did you kiss my love ?  
 I much admir'd, till then, your angel-face !  
 Are you an angel, or of woman-kind ?  
 For nought to judge by saw I e'er before ;  
 Except the mocking shadow of myself,  
 And Ariel, my grave fire's angelick sprite ;  
 You most resemble me, tho' fairer far !

## CLARIBEL.

Thy speech is passing strange ! but, if't be sooth,  
 Thy innocence deceives thee overmuch.  
 No more can I, a woman as thou art,  
 Compare with thee, fairer than beauty's queen,  
 Than can with Ferdinand the Moor, my lord ;  
 Whom, ne'ertheless, past health or life I love !

## MIRANDA.

What, that dark creature !—'tis not possible ;—  
 As soon the swan may on the raven dote !

## CLARIBEL.

I thought like thee when first the Moor I saw,  
 And almost loath'd where duty bade me love ;  
 But my Abdallah has a snow-white soul,  
 Which o'er his hue a bleaching lustre throws ! \*  
 'Twas won that heart Alonso could not give,  
 And chang'd my meek obedience into choice.  
 Then be not jealous, fairest ! thou'st no cause,  
 Much as a sister should I Ferd'nand love,  
 But truly, no jot more.

\* This reminds us of Desdemona's expression ;—

“ I saw Othello's visage in his mind.”

MIRANDA.

## MIRANDA.

Jealous! what's that?  
 Is it a Naples, or a Tunis word?  
 I know not what it means;—but am content!  
 So kind you look, and fair you speak, I'm sure  
 You cannot mean to do me any wrong.

## CLARIBEL.

Come, then, sweet-heart! and, in the adjacent bow'r,  
 Repose thee 'till our lords and fires return;  
 Taste of the pine, or more nutritious fig;  
 Whilst the pomegranate and sharp citron's juice,  
 Temp'ring each other, form thy mingled draught.

## MIRANDA.

Shew me, I pray, to the clear, running stream;  
 With, if you have't, a little new-drawn milk;  
 Some berries, cracknels, or ripe ears of corn;  
 And, our Creator thanking first, then thee  
 For thy much goodness to a stranger-maid;  
 I'll break my fast, nor covet daintier fare!

Caliban, with the two villains, Anthonio and Sebastian, having remained perdue, enter, and suddenly seize the unguarded females; a contest ensues between the three brutes on their account: Anthonio claiming to have Claribel, and Sebastian attaching himself to Miranda.

## CALIBAN.

But whom shall I have, if you each take one?  
 My mistress have I ever hunger'd for!

Sty'd

Sty'd in a rock with her, on acorns fed,  
 Sea-brine, or stagnant, mantled-pool, to drink,  
 On her alone I, gluttoning, could have gorg'd,  
 And nothing lack'd; having my nonpareil!

[*Attempting to clasp Miranda.*]

MIRANDA.

Save me, Anthonio! save your helpless niece!

ANTHONIO.

My charge is here;—Sebastian you will shield.

SEBASTIAN.

Forego your hold!—Miranda must be mine!  
 The other female, if Anthonio lift,  
 Thou'rt free to take; but this I'll guard with life!

CALIBAN.

'Tis well there is another to appease,  
 Else her I'd have, or will or nill ye, lord!  
 This is as red and white, and finer far!  
 Wilt thou be mine, my jay, my parroquet?  
 Thou'rt wondrous gaudy; I shall love thee much!\*

ANTHONIO.

Stand off, fir brute! this is my lovely prize;—  
 Miranda you declar'd was your desire;—  
 Her must you have, or none!

\* This filthy monster having, in *The Tempest*, suggested to Stephano that he might possess Miranda; it is not to be wondered at, that he is here content to exchange her for Claribel.

CALIBAN.

Oh, oh, oh, oh ! [Roaring tremendously with anger.

CLARIBEL.

Heav'n, what a contest !

MIRANDA:

No way to escape ?

CALIBAN.

What, am I both denied ?—then, both I'll have !  
Your holds forego, and quit them frait to me,  
Or, by my dam's god, Setebos, I swear,  
I'll flay ye, quick ! then tear you joint from joint !\*

(Caliban seizing the men, the females get free.)

CLARIBEL.

Fly, fly ! Abdallah !

MIRANDA.

Ferd'nand ! father ! friends !

[Exeunt, severally.

CALIBAN.

Let loose, ye barnacles ! they both are flown !

\* I'll flay ye quick ! &c.—Quick may here signify either *alive* or *immediately*; the former I conceive to have been the Author's idea, 'as'it gives the more spirited and savage meaning. *I'll flay you alive*, is a common expression from vulgar parents and nurfes to froward children.

ANTHONIO.

ANTHONIO.

We hold thee not !—'tis thou ~~st~~tainest us !  
 Darting your talons through our robes and skins,  
 Which you can scarce withdraw !

SEBASTIAN.

I'm struck to th'bone !

CALIBAN.

Thus, then, I wrench them forth !

ANTHONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Oh!———

CALIBAN,

Howl ye ? dogs !  
 If I could tarry I would give ye cause ;  
 And into atoms rend your quivering hearts !

*[Exeunt, severally.]*

Comick matter now, as throughout the play,  
 takes place ; which relieves the weight and terror  
 of the serious scenes.

The fifth Act commences with the Monster,  
 in pursuit of the females.

CALIBAN.

I can find neither ! and could tear myself  
 For letting them, so dolt-like, both escape !  
 Had I kept either of them 't had suffic'd ;

G 2

Though

Though my own mistress leiser I'd enjoy !  
 Nor can I spy my dam ! I hop'd t'have seen  
 The wond'rous spirit, when we reach'd the land,  
 Destroy that tyrant Prosper ! or, while-ere,  
 I had done't upon the sea ! but, what comes here ?  
 Methinks I hear a footfall in yon dell ;  
 Perchance it is my mistress ;—that it may !  
 I will enbush me ! then, should she approach,  
 Like cat-a-mountain springing, seize my prey !

MIRANDA, *entering*.

Whither, ah whither shall I bend my steps,  
 To seek my straying father and dear lord ?  
 Or hide me from—Protect me, heav'n ! I'm caught !

CALIBAN.

'Scape if thou can'st again ! now thou art mine,  
 'Spite of those chattering and deceitful apes ;  
 Who would have talk'd me out of thee, my right !  
 Or that much finer, but less beauteous, she.

MIRANDA.

Be gentle, Caliban !—gripe not so hard !  
 Left with your talons my frail skin you tear !

CALIBAN.

I cannot harm thee !—tho' I meant thee scathe,  
 In punishment for thy late scornful flouts !  
 Be thou but kind, I will be so to thee !

MIRANDA.

\* This erotick use of the verb *enjoy*, I thought not Shakspearcan, till I recollected the following passage in *King Lear* :—

“ —————neither can be enjoy'd,

“ If both remain alive.”

Yet, can it be imagined that Caliban could have learnt it, with this peculiar and indelicate sense, from his only teachers, Prospero and Miranda ? I fear the author, whether ancient or modern, in this instance forgot himself.

## MIRANDA.

Alack, alack ! when was I otherwise ?

## CALIBAN.

Full oft to me ! although I ever lov'd,  
And fondled thee ! — When first into my isle  
Prosper, a puling babe, Miranda brought ;  
Weeping through hunger, shiv'ring with bleak winds ;  
I lick'd the tears from thy frore, blubber'd cheeks,  
Noufled and chafed thee in my hairy arms,  
Hugging thee close as marmosets their young ;  
Fed thee with eggs ; — into thy pretty mouth  
From the goat's dug press'd the warm, fof't'ring milk ;  
Of thistle-down and gossamer made thy bed ;  
Then hush'd and lullaby'd thee to thy sleep,  
And lack'd my own, that thine might be secure.

## MIRANDA.

I ever strove to thank thee for't ; and still,  
As from my father speech and sense I learn'd,  
Delighted in imparting both to thee !  
I never laid upon thee harsh command ;  
Assisted always to trim up our cell ;  
And, in each look, word, deed, was ever kind !

## CALIBAN.

But kinder far to Ferdinand ! though he  
Ne'er nurs'd, nor stroak'd, nor fed, nor fondled thee !  
In our lime-grove I lurk'd behind a bush,  
And saw the lack-beard kiss that down-like hand ;  
I could have claw'd his lips off, had I dar'd !  
But now, from Prosper's magick-pow'r I'm free ;  
Him and my hated rival laugh to scorn ;  
Here have thee, and will make thee strait my own !

MIRANDA.

## MIRANDA.

O, Ferdinand! my love! where hast thou stray'd?  
Haste, and deliver me from this vile thrall!

## CALIBAN.

'Twere death, should Ferd'nand interrupt me now!  
Though I seem'd fearful late, and shunn'd his sword,  
'Twas but in craft, to compass what hath happ'd;  
Then stint this din, and let thine eyes soft beam;  
Nor scorn, nor flout, for I'm not smooth as he!  
In beauty what I lack I have in strength;  
More needful, to protect and get thee food!  
I'll fetch thee, mistress! sweet birds from the grove;  
Gather th'empurpled grape for thy repast;  
And weave a flow'ry garland, thee to crown  
Queen of this unknown clime and me, for aye!  
Give me the honey of thy lips in lieu,  
And let me clip thee!

## MIRANDA.

Monster! stand aloof!  
I feel strange courage, and unusual strength;  
Nor longer fear thee or thy brutal force!  
A heavenly inspiration doth assure  
No ill shall 'gainst a spotless maid prevail!  
The Lybian lion at my feet would crouch,  
Tho' hunger-driv'n, if what I've read be true;  
Nor murkiest fiends, nor thou, more dreadful yet,  
Can soil or harm troth-plighted, clear virginity!

The last speech from Caliban reminds one of  
the witch's son and Florimell, in *The Faerie Queene*\*  
of

\* *The Faerie Queene*.—This is the true orthography of Shakspeare's time. See the earliest editions of that delightful Poem, 4to. 1590, and 1596; in the second stanza of which we read, not *Virgin*, but *Virgin*.

“ Helpe

of Spenser ; whom we know Shakspeare admired, and from whom it is evidently copied : Miranda's reply, if it be not Shakspeare's writing, was probably founded on a sublime passage in Milton's *Mask at Ludlow Castle*.

And here must I conclude these extracts ; being

" \_\_\_\_\_ *forbid*  
 " *To tell the secrets of the prison-house,*"

wherein the forcerefs Hyrcæ, and the spirit of Sy-corax, assemble the unhappy voyagers, &c. no,

" *this infernal blazon must not be !*"

Whether or not the entire play of *The Virgin Queen* will ever be made publick, I do not know ; nor, if it be not Shakspeare's, will, I suppose, any body care !

F. G. WALDRON.

January 28, 1796.

" Helpe then, O holy *virgin* chiefe of nyne." 1590.

" Helpe then, O holy *Virgin* chiefe of nine." 1596.

In the "*Deed of Trust to John Hemynge,*" we read *The Virginn Queen* ; it might as well have been, in the true cockney style, *The Wurginn Queen*.

The premature use of the word *Viewe*, in the sense assigned to it in "*Viewe o my Mafterre Irelands house,*" will, I believe, shortly be discussed, with other congenial topicks, by a much abler pen than mine : when, if I mistake not, it will be incontestibly proved, that the orthography of even the name SHAKSPEARE, in the pretended autographs of the Poet himself, in Mr. Ireland's volume, is *absolutely* and *undeniably* wrong !

## ERRATA.

By a casual omission in page 10, an expression in the paragraph relating to the hand-writing and signature of the Earl of Southampton's letter, erroneously applies to Shakspeare's letter to the Earl. The reader is requested, therefore, to insert the few words printed below in Italicks, that the passage may stand thus, —

The scrawl of *the Earl's answer* to this sublime and blooming letter, &c.

In p. 32, line 1, for *there's the question*, read, *there's a question*.

Idem, line 16, for *ordered*, read *ordered*.

In p. 40, instead of *For a royal Protestant*, &c. read, For a royal Papist to marry a Protestant, as in the case of Henrietta Maria of France, and our king Charles the first, required a dispensation, &c.

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